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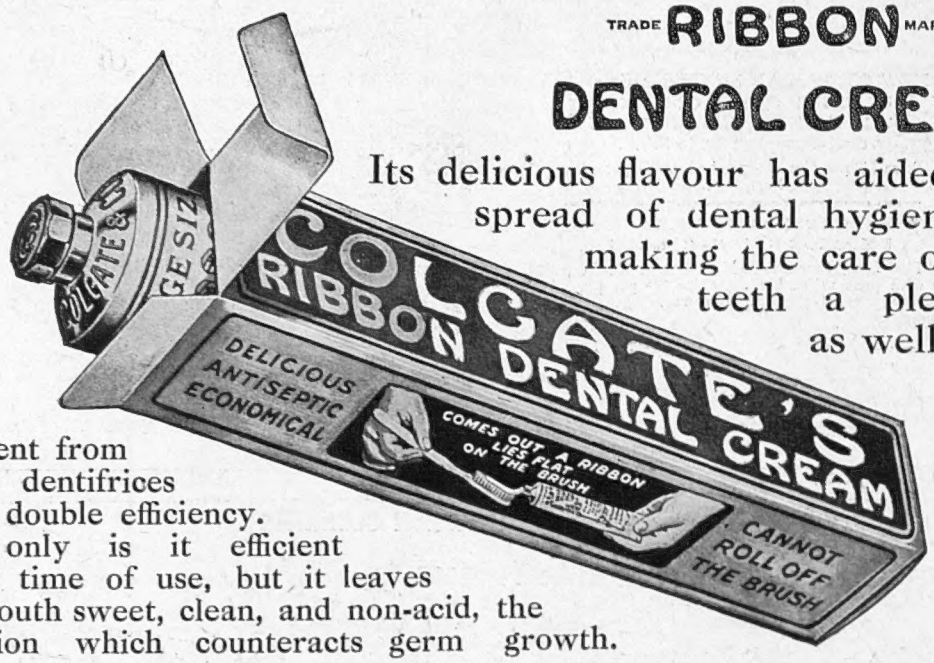

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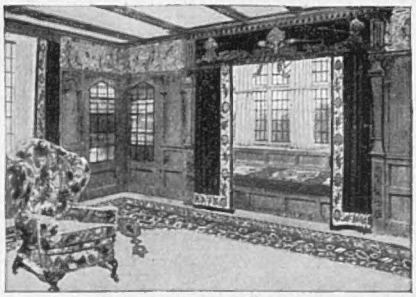

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LABBY'S PEN WAS A "SWAN"

T. P. O'CONNOR, Esq., M.P., in the course of an article in "M.A.P.," wrote :—

"One of the most curious sights I have ever seen is Labby composing his articles in 'Truth.' With that hatred of waste of time and love for the novel which he always displays, Labby would scorn to write with an ordinary pen. He always has beside his desk a dozen or so of Stylographs and Fountain Pens, of all sizes, sorts, ages, and conditions. Finally, I find he has come to the 'SWAN' FOUNTAIN PEN AS THE BEST IN THE MARKET. I myself rarely write with a pen, for I do my work on a Typewriter, but when I do I always use the 'SWAN.' Indeed, I feel very uncomfortable whenever I haven't a 'SWAN' in my pocket."

LABBY HIMSELF WROTE :

"Your 'Swan' Pen was recommended to me by a friend, who showed me one which he had used for over two years without its getting out of order. On this I tried one, and have every reason to be perfectly satisfied with it. (*Signed*) H. LABOUCHERE."

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Art Literature & the Drama.

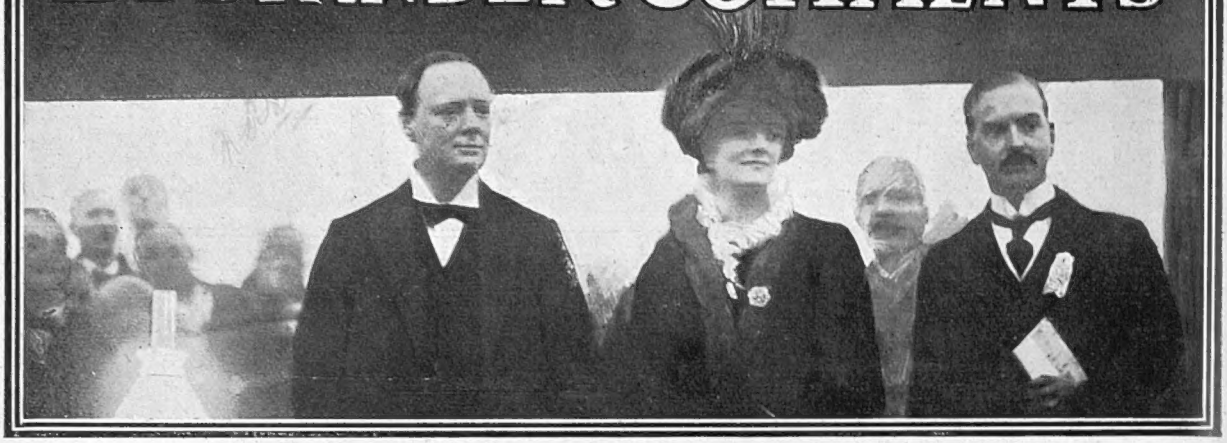
No. 428.—Vol. XXXIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 14, 1912 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Swaine, New Bond Street*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF QUEEN AMELIA OF PORTUGAL

Her Majesty is reported to have been the prime mover in the recent rapprochement between her son, King Manoel, and Dom Miguel, the Portuguese Pretender

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



MAKER OF LAST WEEK'S TWO LEADING SPEECHES (AND MRS. CHURCHILL)

Mr. Churchill, after addressing the great meeting in the mud at Celtic Park, Belfast, proceeded to "talk to" the Germans in Glasgow. Anything anybody may have objected to in the first speech was washed away in the second. For if half of us don't want Home Rule, all of us want an invincible Navy

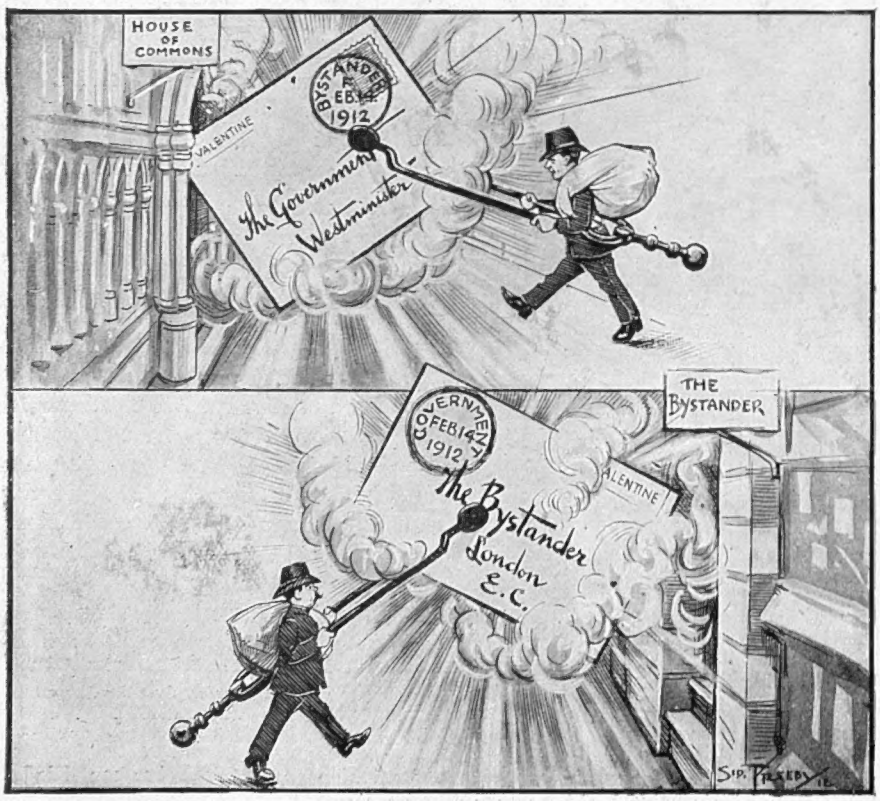
The Great Haldane Romance

WHO says that there is no romance in real life? Here is Lord Haldane, a quiet old gentleman with a taste for philosophy, toy soldiers, and old metal, dropping into his Cabinets and inspections, generally leading a quiet, sedate life. Takes it into his head that he'd like a little holiday. Joins a genial professorial brother and pops off to Berlin. "We'll have a grand time, John. And what a sport it would be to look into the question of University education all on the Q. T.!" The professor's eyes gleam. "Yes, and we might see Hans Schmitt and Fritz Braun and a few other Zechgenossen." So the two make off. Before they have been in Berlin a few hours, the most astounding things happen. The obscure Viscount is drawn away from his brother, dragged into the Imperial Palace, compelled to lunch with the Kaiser, to meet the Chancellor, the Foreign Secretary, and the Ministers of War and Admirals, and all sorts of high political personages, of whose very existence he had probably entirely forgotten while wandering through the quaint new streets of the German capital. The papers fill up with talk of high treaties, eternal peace and good-fellowship, beating of swords into ploughshares—and all as the result of the quiet holiday of two quiet old gentlemen with a taste for academics! Can such things be? No, of course they can't.

* *

Mr. Churchill's Attempt

I READ Mr. Churchill's Belfast speech, and found it interesting and not too offensive to my susceptibilities. He makes out a *primâ facie* case, on Imperial rather than Gladstonian grounds, for the grant of limited Home Rule. He believes that a settlement with Ireland will strengthen us at home and abroad. He promises every possible safeguard of the Imperial supremacy, and of the rights of Protestants. Instead, therefore, of taking up now whatever cudgels may be needful, I shall wait the presentation of the Bill and — see. The rub seems to be in the financial clauses, to which the attention of the taxpayer is likely to be keenly directed.



FEBRUARY 14, 1912—AN EXCHANGE OF VALENTINES

(By Sid Treeby)

* *

Stewart—A Good Case—

"HERE'S a good case—let's spoil it." So seem London's editors in conclave unanimously to have agreed over the Stewart affair. When the sentence of three and a half years' imprisonment was pronounced, we had a grievance against the Leipzic Court. Trial *in camera*, the acceptance of the evidence of an *agent-provocateur* of proved disreputability — these were bad. It was open to us to

Teuton Topics—in Germany and Out

THE RED REICHSTAG

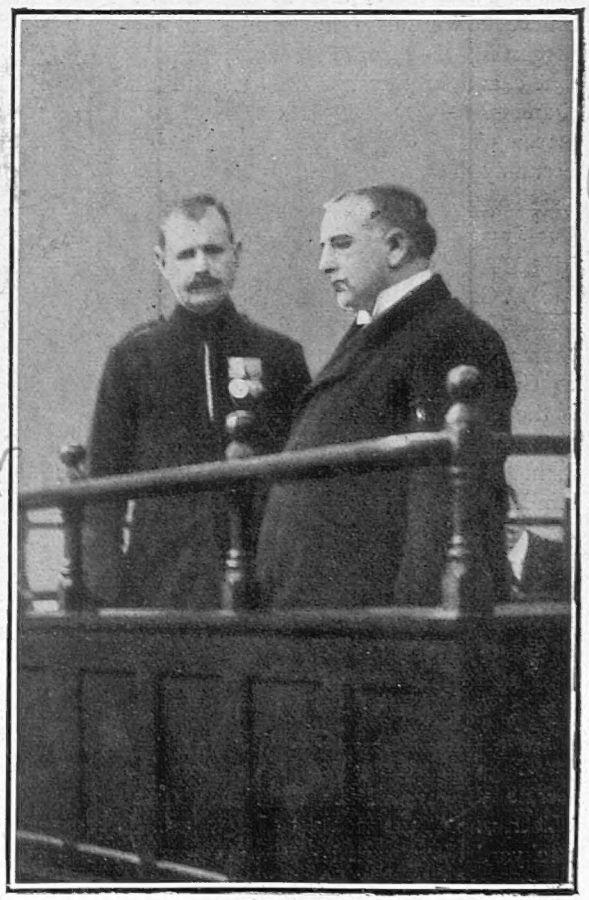
Which was opened last week by the Kaiser, in a speech which forecasted further increase in armaments

VISCOUNT HALDANE AND PROFESSOR JOHN HALDANE (HIS BROTHER)

Whose visit to Berlin to inquire into University questions seems somehow to have aroused political interest. Strange!

VICTIM OF A MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

Mr. Bertrand Stewart, now starting a term of three years' imprisonment for alleged espionage. His trial "in camera," and the character of the principal witness against him, has led to a Press agitation in England



HEINRICH GROSSE, GERMAN SPY

Sentenced to three years' penal servitude by Mr. Justice Darling for espionage at Portsmouth

The Latest Attack on the Critics

press, courteously, for a revision, for the exercise of the Kaiser's clemency. It was also open to us to point out that Stewart's offence was rather prying than spying.

* * *

And How—

A BUSY London solicitor snatches a holiday. Having a *penchant* for militarism, he goes where he may gratify it, just as a golfer goes where there are links, or an angler where there are streams. Thinking he may do his country a bit of a turn by reporting the state of things in general in Germany at the moment of a crisis, he foolishly gets into communication with the wrong people, is trapped and arrested. Nobody was more surprised than Stewart at this disaster. His cases, for the autumn term, were particularly numerous, and he had left, I believe, no word of instruction behind him suggesting that he *might* not return to take charge of them. Nothing about his character or conduct was that of the person who deserves severe punishment. Certainly, he was foolish.

Photograph *Bassano*

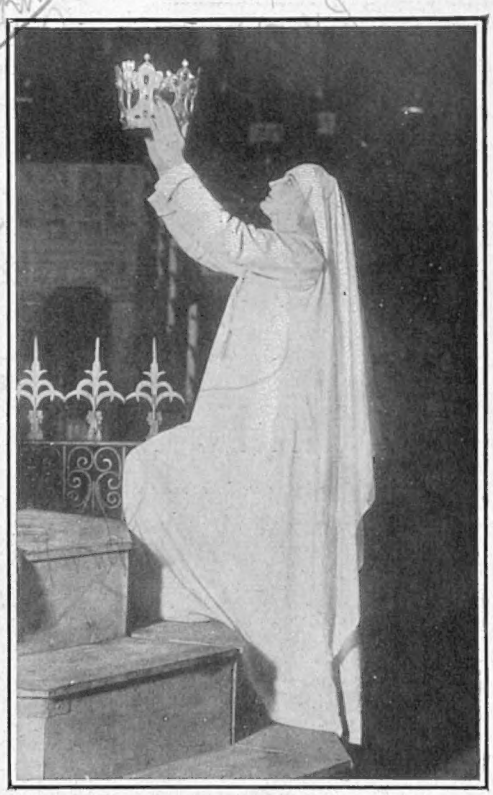
APPROVED BY THE CRITICS!

Miss K. G. Sowerby, a young dramatist, whose first play, "Rutherford and Sons," has actually been praised by the critics, whom Mr. Gerald du Maurier is just now busily abusing

* * *

Our Press Has Spoiled It

BUT it was a case where a sensible Government would have contented itself with a caution, and released the man on condition that he never returned to Germany. That this was not done is the fault of the German Government, not of the High Court which tried the man. German Justice is notoriously blind. Have not Prussian Kings, from Frederick the Great onwards, been often smitten by its sword? One does not expect it to be partial to an English suspect, but it is monstrous to accuse German judges of anti-English bias. The talk of the Press has been almost maniacal. Could anything more egregious be imagined than to say, as one paper did, that "no Englishman in Germany is henceforth safe"? A Yeomanry officer, who at the moment of a grave crisis goes to the dockyard districts and fortified places of the possible enemy, and has dealings of any kind with secret agents, is not an ordinary tourist, and if he thinks he is acting as one, he must be innocent to an extent one would think impossible in a lawyer. I hope, after a while, that Stewart will be released, but I do not believe there is, on the part of the average Englishman, any such indignation at his fate as the Press has represented.



THE NEW MADONNA IN "THE MIRACLE"

Madame Maria Carmi having to return to the Continent, the part of the Madonna in Reinhardt's production at the Olympia is being played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, one of the most beautiful of English actresses

* * *

The New Critic of Criticism

MR. Gerald du Maurier is an impulsive gentleman with a taste for rushing into print. Sometimes he has done this rather amusingly. His latest incursion is not so happy. He has asked the rather childlike question, "What is a critic?" also what qualifications has the critic of letters, drama, music, etc., to say that this book, play, or composition is good, bad, or indifferent? Mr. du Maurier, sir! I neither know nor care who may be the critic of this newspaper or that on anything under the sun. Nor is it your business to care. You and other producers of plays and things depend largely for public interest on *what the Press says about you.* If there were no newspapers to talk about you, you would cease to have any public existence. You invite them to come to your theatre to talk about you, and they come. Now, newspapers are elaborate organisations, whose business is to give news and to reflect public opinion. A newspaper editor, having only one body, has to employ all sorts of men to inform him what is doing in all the various worlds. *He* chooses the men best qualified for the work, just as *you*, Mr. du Maurier, choose who shall play the various parts in your plays.

* * *

A Simple System

THE critic is employed, not as a heaven-born authority or expert, but as the representative of his paper. He reports that a play is "bad," just as the political reporter reports a crisis as "grave," the crime reporter that a murder is "horrible," the weather expert that the weather is cold, damp, or foggy. In each case the justification of the adjective is to be looked for in the report, and if in any case it is not justified, why, then, people—even actors sometimes—will write to, call or serve writs upon, the editor, and the critic or the reporter will be made to pay the price of his error. That is the simple, sensible system which you are up against, Mr. du Maurier.

The Seriousness of the Modern Drama

AS TYPIFIED BY THE SERIOUS COUNTENANCE OF THE MODERN PLAY-PRODUCER

Camera Portraits by *E. O. Hoppé*

MR. ROBERT LORAINE, THINKING — SIR A. W. PINERO, THINKING

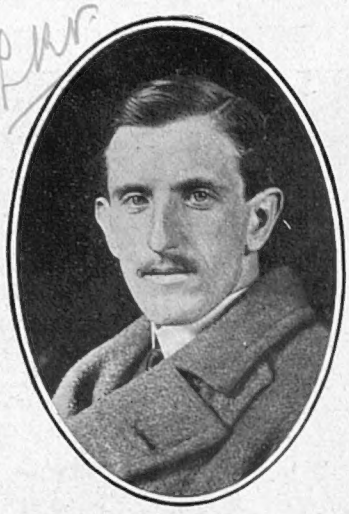
Mr. Loraine will produce "98'9" on the 22nd inst., and Sir Arthur Pinero, "The Mind the Paint Girl," on the 17th

"LOOK serious, please," would seem to be the *mot d'ordre* of the photographer of the modern dramatist, though to all the rest of the world it is "Look pleasant."

At all costs the dramatist, actor, play-producer must be shown *thinking*. We reproduce two portraits and one snapshot, each one of which gives us an impression of seriousness. Kings, Presidents, Ministers—these may smile as they like, but the play-producer, whose business is to amuse, must never by any chance be made to look amusing.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED SNAPSHOT OF MR. BERNARD SHAW, THINKING

Personalities of Topical Interest



MOVER AND SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS

Sir Harry Verney, Bart., who will move the Address in reply to the King's Speech in the House of Commons

Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, who will second the Address to the Throne on the reassembling of Parliament

Youth at the Prow

THOUGH he does not exactly look it, Sir Harry Verney, the Member for Bucks, who moves the Address to the Throne in the Commons to-day, is only four years older than his seconder, the twenty-seven year old Master of Hawarden, Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, and quite one of the "youngsters" of the House therefore. Sir Harry comes of a family whose history is writ large in Buckinghamshire annals, and is the son and grandson of two ladies who have thought a goodly part of life well spent editing the Verney Memoirs, while three months ago he added more antiquity to his family tree by marrying, with a contingent of Boy Scouts to see the thing through, Lady Rachael Bruce. Sir Harry is something of a patron of the Arts, and confesses riding, swimming, and football to be among his chief recreations.

***

The Squire of Hawarden

MR. William Glynne Charles Gladstone, who seconds the Commons' Address, suffers, of course, as well as benefits, from being the grandson of his grandfather. Up to now the Member for Kilmarnock Burghs has only once, I think, lifted up his voice, and that was publicly to protest against the publication of a "spook" interview with the shade of his grandfather on the subject of one of Mr. Lloyd George's Budgets. He learnt to speak, however, in "Pop" at Eton, and also at Oxford, where, as President of the Union, this was what they said of him:—

Photograph *A. A. Gleason*

BACK AT HIS POST: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

His Royal Highness, in cold-weather costume, about to enter his automobile at Government House, Ottawa

When he is not "addressing the House," Mr. Gladstone is as mild as a gazelle. He would not be rude even to a Congo trader. Mr. Gladstone had a grandfather. Thus it came about that his business in life was predestined to be shooting, his recreation politics. He golfs. He takes ballrooms by storm and life much as he finds it, and in his private capacity, at any rate, is a follower of the late Duke of Cambridge, who affirmed that "any change, at any time, for any purpose, is much to be deprecated."

***

A Stuart Dukedom—

THE Duke of Grafton, who, as a result of a fall on the ice, is lying ill at Euston, where his son and heir, Lord Euston, is also seriously ill, is, as all the world knows, the direct descendant of King Charles II. by Barbara Villiers.

***

And its Present Holders

NEITHER Lord Euston, the Duke's heir, nor Lord Alfred Maitland Fitzroy, his second heir, has ever taken any part in public life, and are little known even in Society. The ninety-one year old Duke, however, is one of the Grand Old Men of the Peerage, and for something like a century has been more or less in the public eye. He fought through the Crimean War, in which he was seriously wounded, and for many years was Equerry in both the Victorian and Edwardian Courts. His Duchess, an aunt of Mr. Balfour, died more than half a century ago, and his son, Lord Euston, who never had any children, is also a widower.

FATHER AND SON LYING ILL IN SAME HOUSE

The Duke of Grafton, who is laid up with concussion of the brain, caused by a fall while watching skaters

The Earl of Euston, the Duke of Grafton's son and heir, who is lying seriously ill in his father's house

A Popular Note at St. Paul's

THE PUBLIC WELCOMES QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S RETURN TO ITS EYE

Apart from the properly warm and loyal reception of their Majesties, a popular and personal welcome was given on Tuesday last to Queen Alexandra, who had a separate procession well ahead of the King and Queen thus emphasising her return to public life. Queen Alexandra's continuedly youthful looks were noted admiringly by the City crowds, who were truly rejoiced once again to see her amongst them

A Coming King : A Noble Coal-Owner

Photograph *C. Chusseau-Flaviens*

PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA AND BICYCLE

Who will one day succeed to the Tsardom of Bulgaria—then, perhaps, swollen into a mighty dominion. He has recently celebrated his eighteenth birthday, having been born in January, 1894, and is reported to be far more popular in Bulgaria than his father

Prince Boris of Bulgaria

PRINCE Boris of Bulgaria is now a man. Very much importance is being given to this event, and much trouble was taken in the selection of the French members to be present at the eighteenth birthday celebrations at Sofia. Like the other Balkan Princes, George of Servia and Danilo of Montenegro, Prince Boris has received a military training at St. Cyr, it being necessary that a Balkan Prince should, above all, have a first-class army education. Prince Boris is very popular in Bulgaria, and as his father, King Ferdinand—I beg his pardon, the Tsar Ferdinand—is disliked from one end of his Tsardom to the other, he is frequently seen in public accompanied by his son. The Tsar of all the Bulgarians, as is fitting for the Emperor of such a realm, pays an enormous amount of attention to Prince Boris, who was hardly able to walk when he was put on horseback, and a fine rider he has become. He can shoot, too, fairly well. When Ferdinand goes out with a gun, the Prince goes out, too, with a gun, but, unlike his father, he sometimes kills a pheasant or two—the Tsar *never*.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

EARL FITZWILLIAM

Who owns extensive collieries in Yorkshire, and is very wealthy, travelled, and adventurous

A Noble Coal-Owner

AMONG noble coal-owners is Earl Fitzwilliam, who owns extensive collieries in Yorkshire, and is widely popular as a just and generous master, and as a very practical miner, capable of wielding a pick with any of his employées. On one occasion Lord Fitzwilliam was underground when he came upon a man working under what Lord Fitzwilliam's trained eye told him were dangerous conditions. He pointed out the risk, and advised the man to shore up the roof, which was the danger. But the miner knew better. An hour later he was dead, crushed by a "fall."

* * *

"Young Lord Stranleigh"

ENORMOUSLY wealthy, Lord Fitzwilliam might well have stood for the original of Mr. Robert Barr's "Young Lord Stranleigh," for, like that fascinating nobleman, he conceals beneath an easy, insouciant exterior a keen brain, a determined will, and a love of adventure. He has travelled far and wide, seen active service, and done most of the things that real men count worth the doing. But if anything could ruffle his sunny nature, it would be the mention of "buried treasure."

A Notable Impersonation

THE WASTREL FRENCH PHILOSOPHER OF "THE PIGEON"

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MR. DENNIS EADIE AS FERRAND IN MR. GALSWORTHY'S LATEST PLAY

Mr. Eadie's performance in Galsworthy's whimsical, graceful play at the Royalty Theatre is an artistic delight. He plays the part of a tatterdemalion alien, whose philosophy is inspired by his hopeless environment. Death is his friend. "We wild ones—we know a thousand times more of life than ever will those sirs. They waste their time trying to make rooks white. Be kind to us if you will, or let us alone like Mees Ann, but do not try to change our skins. Leave us to live, or leave us to die when we like in the free air. If you do not wish of us, you have but to shut your pockets and your doors—we shall die the faster"

SCENE: *The quad of any Oxford college. It is nearing* 1 *p.m., and undergraduates are returning from lectures, or having spent the morning reading (or sleeping) in their rooms, have sallied forth for a little fresh air before lunch, a homely meal generally of bread, cheese, and beer.*

FIRST UNDERGRADUATE (*greeting a friend*): Hullo, Brown, my buck, how goes it?

SECOND UNDERGRADUATE: Rotten, Smithers, rotten. Guest at a Cupper last night. No brekker. Tried to keep a lekker at John's, but got no farther than the Maggers' Memugger when I felt queer and had to turn back. And the Dagger's got his knife into me. Not enough rollers.

THIRD UNDERGRADUATE (*joining in*): Me too. I'm gated for the rest of term because of a harmless little binge at my digs. I say, Smithers, that wekker's rather priceless; in fact, quite top-hole.

FIRST UNDERGRADUATE: Neat, but not gaudy, ain't it? Lord knows when I shall be able to pay for it. The wagger-pagger-bagger's simply overflowing with bills.

SECOND UNDERGRADUATE (*to a fourth*): Hullo, Jonah, my sportive blood, what news?

FOURTH UNDERGRADUATE: Had brekker with the Mugger and a little talk—just a little talk—he seems to think I'm booked for a gulf. I must be getting on. I'm playing against Basutoland this afternoon.

FIRST UNDERGRADUATE: Don't go. We're just beginning to like you. Come to tea and hotters after the game, and mind you take it out of the Sons of Belial.

THIRD UNDERGRADUATE: I hear Jaggers have got a wonderful fresher three. Fairly made rings round the Trindogs.

SECOND UNDERGRADUATE: Do 'em good. They've been frightfully above themselves ever since they heard the Pragger Wagger was coming up to them.

THIRD UNDERGRADUATE: Thought he was going to the House. (*To Fifth Undergraduate.*) Hullo, my noble Bugshooter, how's the Army?

FIFTH UNDERGRADUATE: Goin' strong. (*To Second Undergraduate.*) Goin' to the Ugger to-night?

FOURTH UNDERGRADUATE (*who has lingered*): Cornstalking's more in Brown's line. You're not looking fit, Bruggins. You should do a meadow every morning.

SECOND UNDERGRADUATE: So I would if the combined efforts of my scout and bedder could wake me. Well, I must be going. I'm brunching with a Tosher in the Broad. So long.

FIRST UNDERGRADUATE: What low company you keep! So long. (*To Fifth Undergraduate.*) He's a sound fellow, but I bet you a tanner he'll take an almighty toss in Collekkers. He hasn't done a stroke of work, and he's cut every one of the Johnner's lekkers.

FIFTH UNDERGRADUATE: Done. By the way, I see my young cousin is second string in the Quarter for the Tabs.

THIRD UNDERGRADUATE: Is he, by Jove? But Robinson of Teddy Hall is a dead snip for that. As big a cert as Univ. to bump New Coll. in Toggers. There's one o'clock. Anyone coming to feed?

FIRST UNDERGRADUATE: Thanks. I've got a hefty thirst on. I believe I could floor a sconce. Then I must sport my oak and mug up my part for the Ouds.

THIRD UNDERGRADUATE: And I've got to tub freshers all afternoon. So long, Jonah. Don't forget tea. I've got some of the better men coming in.

FOURTH UNDERGRADUATE: So long. Be good, and beware the brutal proggins and his bullers.

FIFTH UNDERGRADUATE: M'yes, they nearly had me in St. Olde's last night, and the Provvy warned me at our last conversazione that next time I should be sent down. So long.

Glossary of Terms Used

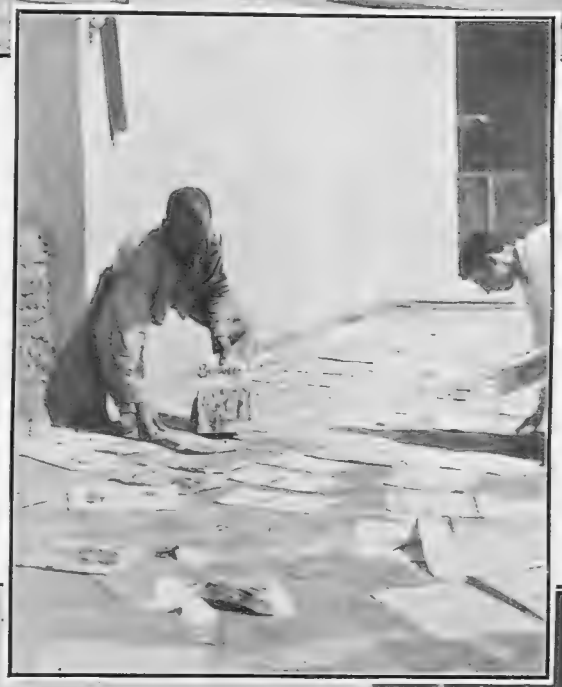
CUPPER: (a) A match for the Inter-Collegiate Association Football Cup. (b) The Cup Supper by which the winning college celebrates its victory.
LEKKER: Lecture.
JOHN'S: St. John's College.
*MAGGERS' MEMUGGER: The Martyrs' Memorial.
DAGGER: Dean.
ROLLER: Roll-call.
BINGE: A convivial gathering.
WEKKER: Waistcoat.
*WAGGER-PAGGER-BAGGER: Wastepaper-basket.
MUGGER: The Master of a College.
A GULF is taken by a man who goes in for an Honours Examination, but only does well enough to pass without honours.
BASUTOLAND: Balliol College, so called because there are so many black men there. Also known as BELIAL.
HOTTERS: Hot teacakes.
JAGGERS: Jesus College.
FRESHER: An undergraduate during his first year.
THREE: Three-quarter back at Rugby football.
TRINDOGS: Members of Trinity College.
*PRAGGER-WAGGER: The Prince of Wales.
BUGSHOOTERS: Members of the O.U. Officers Training Corps.
THE UGGER: The Union Society.
CORNSTALKING: Patrolling Cornmarket Street after Hall (dinner), the only collective meal of the day.
DO A MEADOW: To run round Christ Church meadows before breakfast.
BEDDER: (a) Bedroom. (b) Bedmaker.
BRUNCH: A mixture of breakfast and lunch.
TOSHER: Non-Collegiate student.
COLLEKKERS: "Collections." College examinations held at the end of term with a view to "reporting progress."
THE JOHNNER: Professor Johnson. (No, you will not find him in the University Calendar.)
TAB: A Cambridge man. Derivation: Cantab.
TEDDY HALL: St. Edmund Hall.
NEW COLL.: New College, which is never spoken of as "New," but always as "New Coll." or New College.
TOGGERS: Torpids. Bump races rowed in February on fixed seats.
SCONCE: A quart tankard. For various offences in Hall a man is "sconced," *i.e.*, has to order a "sconce" of beer or other liquid, which is passed round the table, unless he can "floor" it, or drink the whole without taking breath, in which case he can "sconce" every other man at the table.
SPORT ONE'S OAK: To close the outer door of one's rooms.
OUDS: The O.U. Dramatic Society.
TUB: Instruct in rowing in a pair-oared boat.
PROGGINS: Proctor.
BULLERS: Bulldogs. Attendant minions of the Proctor.
ST. OLDE'S: St. Aldate's. A main street of Oxford.
PROVVY: Provost of a College.

*These three terms are actually used, but generally with the consciousness that they are a *reductio ad absurdum* of Oxford slang.

An Underseas Edition of "The Bystander"

DRYING "BYSTANDERS" IN THE SUN ON THE ROOF OF THE HOTEL PROVENCE, BUENOS AYRES

WE have heard of "Overseas Editions" of newspapers. THE BYSTANDER is positively the first journal to have an "Underseas Edition." We have, at last, figured in fishy society; have been given the glad eye by mermaids; have, perhaps, penetrated the interior of Whales. Thanks to the capsizing of a lighter off Monte Video, a large number of Christmas BYSTANDERS intended for South American readers went to the bottom of the sea. Mr. E. B. Mitchell, of the English Book Stores, Buenos Aires, has sent to us some recovered copies of the "Underseas BYSTANDER," and we print on this page three photographs showing the drying operations which were conducted upon us when we were got ashore.



The strenuous efforts of the men in these pictures to save, at all costs, the Christmas numbers of "The Bystander" for South American readers are much to be commended. The mail sacks containing the consignment of "Bystanders" were dropped accidentally into the water owing to the capsizing of a river steamer. The reason of the accident was, of course, the enormous bulk of the issue (160 pages, price one shilling, long since sold out, etc., etc.)

It would take a critic's pen to give a proper impression of the Christmas BYSTANDER after its sojourn beneath the waves. Father Neptune as an Art Editor is certainly most original. He has distributed colour effects with an equal hand all over the paper. The tints that were taken out of the auburn hair are found brilliantly illuminating a black-and-white landscape study. We are so impressed with the startling effects of the immersion on the production generally that we are seriously considering throwing overboard our entire stock of Christmas BYSTANDERS, 1912, before issuing them to the public.

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

ALL over the Continent Mr. Lloyd George's latest City speech seems to have been regarded as a "Peace" speech. It is this sort of thing that makes even optimists doubtful whether there can ever really be a cordial understanding between this country and the rest of Europe.

* * *

"Among the skaters at Middleholme, Peterborough" —says the *Daily Mail*—"was Mrs. Robinson, who is eighty-two years of age." Quite a little triumph, no doubt, for Health Bread, though our contemporary is too modest to say so.

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw has brought out a Home Rule edition of "John Bull's Other Island." It is still a little doubtful if Mr. Asquith will.

* * *

Mr. Sandow has recently decided to share his profits with the public who drinks his cocoa. This seems an excellent plan. We have often felt ourselves that we could drink a cup of cocoa now and again, if we were paid for it.

Insurance Clerk: "Shop burned out, eh. When did you insure it?"
Client: "Yesterday. Vot vill I get?"
Insurance Clerk *(thoughtfully)*: "Three years, I reckon" (By George Morrow)

Would that this altruism would spread to other provision dealers. Fancy being able, for example, to turn into a hotel for dinner with the certainty that one would be well rewarded for it. The waiter would come up and say:

"Will you take thick or thin soup, sir?"

"How much do I get for the thick?" you would ask.

"Ninepence, sir."

"And for the thin?"

"A bob, sir."

* * *

If you were in a mercenary frame of mind, you would then take the thin, and plod through the rest of the menu, making money all the time. It sounds ideal, though it might lead to over-eating. At present we are calculating how many cups of cocoa we could drink in a day without going like the water-pipes during a hard frost.

* * *

It appears that even Royalties have hobbies. According to a contemporary, "the marzipan made by the Duchess of Albany with her own hands has been in evidence during the winter at more than one hospital bazaar. The Archduchess Isabella of Austria makes wax candles after a recipe that is entirely her own." All we wish to point out is that what is excusable in a Duchess or Archduchess is not excusable in the ordinary person.

* * *

The Princess Eitel Friedrich goes even further, and has been seen "plying spade and saw without the slightest hesitation." There again—the Princess probably has gardeners and carpenters to clear up after her. But it would not do in a suburb.

* * *

Mr. J. Rogers, Assistant Public Prosecutor at Philadelphia, has issued a circular in which he suggests that bachelors should be given badges to wear. Surely, however, American husbands are also entitled to some sort of medal.

* * *

We hope that Mr. Hammerstein will not be discouraged by finding that even Royal Opera at theatre prices does not draw London. There is nothing inherently popular in theatre prices, and even dramas at these prices do not always pay. People are so fussy.

* * *

Still, there are means of getting them to places where music is performed, and there can be no need to despair. Why not a great white sale between the acts? Or something on the gramophone?

Sayings I Don't Agree With

No. 4. That——"Those Whom The 'Gods' Love Die Young!"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Disraeli as a Stage Character

A NEW YORK PRESENTATION WHICH WOULD BE WELCOMED IN POLITICAL LONDON

MR. GEORGE ARLISS, AS DISRAELI, AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK

America has anticipated England again. Disraeli has appeared on the stage. We are informed that the play in which he appears has met with "enormous success" in New York. As to that, we reserve our judgment. We can only say that a really good play, in which the great Tory Democrat Statesman was shown in action, and expressing in words his political ideals, would be a most valuable asset to Conservative electioneering at the present moment. The play was produced on September 18 last, and is still running. The author is Louis Napoleon Parker

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE BEAR-LEADERS" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

MR. and Mrs. Molyneux are well-connected people, who receive into their house young men and women of good family who stand in need of being "finished off" in the ways of Society. Naturally, this good work is not done for nothing, but I am not yet convinced that the confiding Dukes and Dowager-Countesses who patronise the Molyneux's get full value for their money. Mr. Molyneux seems to be a chronic sponger, and Mrs. Molyneux is economical in housekeeping matters to the verge of parsimony. The joke of the play is that they receive under this not very hospitable roof at one and the same time Edward Petworth, who is heir to a dukedom, and Lady Marjorie Hillborn, who is the hereditary enemy of the Duke's family. Mr. R. C. Carton, the ingenious author, takes pains to tell us, in the course of his dialogue, that it is practically a second edition of the feud between the Capulets and the Montagues, and when that is explained all has been said. We know, even if we had not guessed it before, that the young people will bury the hereditary hatchet and marry each other at the finish.

Lady Marjorie has been sent to Mrs. Molyneux in order that she may learn to control her ungovernable temper. It seems that when she is put out she has a distressing way of smashing anything in the way of expensive china that comes near her. This detail is mentioned once or twice; but Marjorie is not afforded an opportunity of showing us her prowess in this respect, and I think that is a pity. I have noticed that nothing creates laughter at the theatre more readily than a sudden and reckless display of crockery-breaking. People who, in the ordinary way, do not laugh much owing to the fact that there is so little humour about nowadays, will lean back in their seats and shriek themselves hoarse at the sight of someone on the stage smashing an expensive vase in a fit of pique, or sweeping the contents of a tea-tray in one magnificent splatter to everlasting perdition. There are not too many humorous situations in this farcical comedy, and I think, therefore, it is a pity that Marjorie is not given a chance to break something, just to show how spiteful she can be when she likes. This would be quite as funny as Mr. Molyneux's feat of sitting on a dust-pan that has been left by oversight on one of the drawing-room chairs, and then calling his wife's attention to the lamentable accident for fear the audience should have missed the joke.

There is more humour when Edward Petworth is placed on a settee between a plain but eligible girl and her rather stout mother. With a view to encouraging his attentions, the plain girl edges a little closer in, and Edward retreats accordingly until he is tightly wedged between the two ladies in a quite uproariously funny way, though I should not like to affirm that it is the sort of predicament at which one ought to be amused. Still, it is a capitally acted piece of nonsense, and I confess to having laughed quite immoderately at it. Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Molyneux works very hard indeed to get all the fun that is possible out of his part; and

Miss Compton, with her quiet and confident manner, is, as usual, agreeably entertaining. Mr. Spencer Trevor is very amusing as a Duke in his second childhood; and Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, as a jealous foreign waiter, is quite delightful. The play is very well constructed, though it is, perhaps, on that account rather mechanical, and it is almost always the expected that happens.

"THE DUST OF EGYPT" AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

THE beginning of this play is rather exciting. Mr. Gerald du Maurier runs on in his pyjamas, flourishing an Indian club, and calling upon some unseen intruder to show himself. It is late at night, and one is prepared for anything from mere burglars to hidden assassins. But it is only dear old Dan Smith. He has just arrived from the Continent by the boat train, which happened to be late, and he has come to ask Geoffrey Lascelles (Mr. Du Maurier) to help him. The fact is, he has got a lady downstairs in a cab, and he wants to know if he may leave her in Geoffrey's room for the night. At this stage of the proceedings I settled myself well back into my seat, and decided that there has been a good deal too much of this ridiculous talk about the Censor not being a liberally minded person. Unfortunately, the next moment dissipated our lively dreams, and the play never recovered from the fatal shock. The lady is, it appears, in a mummified state, and has been like that for quite a long while. She is duly brought into the room, but her arrival causes no unusual thrill of satisfaction, though I was generous enough to admit that what there was left of her seemed to indicate that she had probably been quite a nice little thing once.

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé, F.R.P.S.*

MR. B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

Assistant Editor of "The Bystander," and for many years a contributor of fiction and verse to our pages, whose first play, "The New Sin," is to be produced at the Royalty Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, the 20th inst., and on five succeeding Tuesdays and Fridays

The play then follows the very usual lines. Mr. Du Maurier happens by mischance to overturn the mummy, and instantly all is dark. Then we are wafted back to ancient Egypt, where, in a transformation scene, remarkable rather for its archæological accuracy than for its side-splitting humour, we see the mummied lady as she was in life. This scene is designed to show us how the Princess Amenset (for it was she!) drank a magic potion which placed her in a state of suspended animation for three thousand years. When the Egyptian scene fades away and the lights go up again, the Princess has come to life in Geoffrey's rooms, and we are not overwhelmed with surprise to observe that the lady finds her surroundings very different from those of ancient Egypt. Indeed, I feel sure that a sudden experience of such modern luxuries as telephones, electric light, and soda-syphons would have flattened the bump of self-esteem of even the second Rameses himself. The story shows in a fitful way the difficulty of the Princess in understanding that modern ways are not altogether her ways, and that, however much you may dislike a person, the facilities for making the Nile red with that person's blood are unreasonably limited in these excessively squeamish times.

Miss Enid Bell makes a most attractive figure as the revived Princess, but her part has been written too seriously for the purposes of a "farcical fantasy." Even when she suggests to an elderly General that his wife is too old, and that he ought to get a younger one, in accordance, presumably, with the fine old Egyptian custom, the Princess gives the advice so deliberately that the General does not seem to know whether to laugh or to cry. It would almost appear as if the Princess had heard something; and we know what these retired military men are! Mr. Gerald du Maurier rattles through his part with agreeable facility, but even a real Princess from the land of the Pharaohs cannot teach him how to make bricks without straw. Mr. Lyston Lyle and Mr. Charles Crawford both play difficult parts admirably. The chief interest of the production lies, perhaps, in the fact that the play has been written by Mr. Alan Campbell, who, as the son of the charmingly youthful Mrs. Patrick Campbell, must be a very young man indeed. *The Dust of Egypt* proves that at least.

A BYSTANDER'S PLAY

The New Sin, a play in three acts, by Basil Macdonald Hastings, is announced by Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie for production at the Royalty Theatre on the afternoons of February 20, 23, and 27, and March 1, 5, and 8. A peculiar feature of the play is that it contains NO FEMALE CHARACTERS. Its author's name should be well known to BYSTANDER readers through the medium of his verse and short stories, and I hope no unreasonable prejudice will be entertained against him because he has the misfortune to be a friend of mine.

JINGLE

Mr. Gerald du Maurier's latest production deals with the revivification of an interesting lady mummy after a lapse of 3,000 years. A glimpse of her past life is shown by a sort of a play within a play in the first act, and the story of her subsequent adventures in more modern times occupies the remaining three acts

BY NORMAN MORROW

Registered design

PARIS SHOWS

WHOSE THE HAND?

The repeatedly unfriendly acts of Italy towards France suggest support from some Power which evidently regards an Italian-French understanding as inimical to the Triple Alliance

(By Sid Treeby)

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

Mr. Raymond Duncan

The first show occurred in the lift. It was not by the master himself, but by two of his πυπιλς—I mean, of course, pupils. They were dressed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, and wore gold *filets* round their long, fair hair. They were discussing the relative beauty of their youthful knees, comparing anatomy as the lift descended. Another tenant of the house objected, and Mr. Raymond Duncan was asked to find other quarters. This advertised him. For Mr. Raymond Duncan is just as Greek as Ancient Greek can be, although America gave him birth, Isadora is his sister, and his accent is as broad as the beautiful tissues he weaves. But Mr. Duncan thinks in Greek, though he pronounces it absurdly, dresses in Greek clothes, which he weaves himself, and walks about Paris in them as though he were a Wincarnis advertisement, without even the protection of sandwich boards. He edits a little publication called *Graecia*, and the other afternoon he sent out invitations to a performance of *Elektra* (please spell it with a "k") to be given at the Théâtre du Châtelet in the original with music and costumes by him, and himself in a couple of parts.

Diversity of Accents

I may as well admit at once that most of us went to the Châtelet to jeer, and that none of us did so. It is not that the performance was so very good, but that it was so wonderfully good considering. They had rigged up great pillars, which formed the entrance to the palace, and a background of curtains. And they played *Elektra* through. Mr. Sophocles, who figured on the programme as well as Mr. Raymond Duncan, is to be congratulated. He has written a thrilling old tragedy in the thrilling old-fashioned style. You must imagine that it cannot have been easy to collect a company of players to play in Ancient Greek, and what struck one most throughout was the diversity of accents. We had Greek that was quite unmistakably Anglo-American. We had Greek that had a reminiscence of the German-Swiss hotel-porter in it. Then we had what I am told was real Greek, and Greek with a Sicilian accent. It was all very strange and very curious, and a Frenchman who sat near me whispered that, although he knew Greek pretty well himself, he found it almost as hard to understand as he had found *The Quaker Girl*, which was the last play he had seen at the Châtelet. But the music was different, and so was the dancing. Mr. Duncan had built up the music and the dancing on Ancient Greek models, and he did a good deal of the dancing himself. At the end of each act he came on in an Ancient Greek nightdress, with his Ancient Greek hair a-falling down his back, and hopped about until the curtain fell.

High Art

I knew it was High Art, because it said so on the programme, but I could not get enthusiastic. When the performance was over, Mr. Duncan brought his accent to the front of the stage, and made a little speech with it. He told us that Ancient Greece was the only thing that really mattered, and contradicted himself flatly, as enthusiasts will, immediately afterwards. For some strange-looking youths from Macedonia presented him with a banner, and he declared his intention of shedding the last drop of his blood for Macedonia's freedom. He also told us that he had founded a school in Paris for the culture of Greek ideals, and for my part I hope that the Paris police will not interfere with his scheme, and I wish him success if he sticks to the ideal. Life has not so many amusing things in it that we can afford to be deprived of Mr. Raymond Duncan yet, and as long as I need not take him seriously, he has my goodwill.

A Paradox

Until I saw *Elektra* I was easy on this score. I knew that, however many yards of Ancient Greek cloth Mr. Raymond Duncan wove, he would never compel me to wear any of it. I knew that his example in dress would never give me rheumatism, and I was content to let him dance as though he were chipped off an old Greek vase, and to pant through an occasional waltz at the Bal Tabarin, or even in more respectable society, myself. But his performance of *Elektra* and this talk of a school are a different matter. Mr. Duncan wishes us to pack up all modern ideas in a brown-paper parcel, and if we have no time to take them to the Hellespont, to drop them in the Seine. Why should we? Why should we not be allowed to make ourselves ridiculous in our own Franco-British modern manner? Personally, the sight of a gentleman in a short chemise buying a penny stamp at a post-office counter, using the telephone, or climbing on to a motor-'bus strikes me as something of a paradox. I wouldn't mind Mr. Duncan at all, if he would do these things himself and allow other people to be as ridiculously

modern as they like. But Mr. Duncan tells us that he is founding a school. He wants to introduce Ancient Greek habits into modern Europe, England, and America. And underneath the whole thing there is a current of perversion which makes this Greekery abhorrent to the plain, straightforward, pipe-smoking male. I don't know whether I express myself quite clearly. It is a little difficult to do so without being libellous and without using language which would not be fit to print. But I have no hesitation in saying that modern life is the life which moderns can lead with the most self-respect and comfort, and that the posing and posturing which Mr. Duncan is teaching, whether it comes from old Greek vases or elsewhere, is distinctly conducive to unpleasant ideas. The true beauty is older than Greece. You can find it in any field with the sun on it on any spring morning. You can find it in a bunch of daffodils sold by the ugliest old woman in the oldest hat in Piccadilly Circus. Nature contains true beauty, and posture-mongers such as Mr. Duncan only besmirch and spoil it. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander in Berlin

THE BACKFISCH, OR GERMAN "FLAPPER"

The Flapper in Berlin

AFTER too much politics Germany is immersed in the pleasanter problem: What will become of the *Backfisch*? "*Backfisch*" is German for innocent maid of sixteen or seventeen—*anglicé*, Flapper; so-called, says one dictionary, "because half-grown fishes are used for baking." Another dictionary says, "because undersized fishes are returned to the sea over the *Backbort*, or sternsheets." The first etymology is better, because the German *Backfisch* is by no means half-baked, and people find considerable difficulty in throwing her overboard.

THAT is the cause of the trouble.

The German Meyer

Germany's F. B. Meyer, a certain Saxon pastor, Traugott Allwitz, complains that the mild-eyed Berlin *Backfisch* is so well baked as to be scorching. Having forsaken pastoral Saxony for Babylonian Berlin, he discovered that the metropolitan Lottes, Lises, and Hedwigs are abominably mature. He reported that the Tauentzienstrasse in Berlin, W., is thick between 5.0 and 7.0 with long-haired, chaperonless "Baked Fishes" from the wealthy Zoo quarter, "who, without the least concealment, are hunting for handsome sweethearts."

(No; the good-looking BYSTANDER staff can't have a week's holiday. —ED.)

Perfect Innocence

THE "Baked Fishes'" defenders retort that it is all innocent fun, begotten of the incorrigible habit of enthusing. "All German flappers," they say, "are enthusiasts. Their language has only five words: 'adore,' 'ravishing,' 'ecstatic,' 'beatific,' 'soulful.' They are always crazed about something: music, sledging in the Grunewald, Secessionist Art, collections of postage stamps, or of handsome young men." Also, it is added, they have a craze for the exotic. They abjure things German, drink fiv'-'clock tea, and dress *englisch*, which means, in a golf jacket, a picture hat, openwork stockings, and pretty hockey boots of porpoise-hide.

THIS influences the "Baked Fish's"

Bother the Editor

conduct in the Tauentzienstrasse. She prefers foreign admirers. (We repeat, no leave.—ED.) Anything recondite in masculinity attracts her. When the naked Somali Villagers left Berlin after spending six weeks appropriately in the Zoo, they were seen off by two hundred pretty girls, mostly in the "Baked Fish" stage, who wept so uproariously that the police had to restore order. And two days later the Colonial Office complained that the "Baked Fishes" were in impassioned correspondence with Herrero niggers whom they had never seen; that the Herrero drawing-rooms were hung with signed "Baked Fish" portraits, and with letters in German to "my adorable savage," "my bronze god," "my sun-kissed Hermes in soulful Afric's waste."

THE remedy, says Pastor Allwitz, is

More Liberty

to intern the "Baked Fish," so to speak, in the larder, and apply the stick. His opponents retort Gladstonianly: "The cure for liberty is more liberty." They say that the "Baked Fish" revolt, like the Socialist triumph at the Elections, is a reaction against unimaginative paternalism. The "Baked Fish" has been too much kept in the larder, forced to make stiff bows, kiss the hands of ugly old women; even at the age of eighteen she is often not allowed to speak except when spoken to. She meets men rarely, and only on the "this is your future husband" basis. She shows her resentment by parading the Tauentzienstrasse and making eyes at the Reverend Traugott Allwitz. And the silly man complains.

(BY NORMAN MORROW)

PICTORIALITIES

OF UNIQUE INTEREST FROM BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA

THE FAMOUS RHODES MEMORIAL IN THE MATOPPOS COMPLETED

A picture recently received from South Africa, showing the gigantic lions flanking the stone steps, which were recently placed in position

A VIEW OF THE KAFFIR "CITY" OF MOCHUDI IN BECHUANALAND

In appearance the most primitive town in South Africa, though the most important telegraph station of the British South Africa Company, it is on the main line of railway to the north. It is 994 miles from Cape Town, 124 miles from Mafeking (whence Bechuanaland is administered), and stands at an elevation of 3,105ft. Note the curious roofs of the Kaffir kraals

"IN GIPSY LAND."

BY JEAN SALA

Riviera Notes

Photographs *Sport and General*

PIGEON SHOOTING FOR THE PRIX MONCORGE (1,000 FRANCS)

MR. A. SPALDING
Winner of the Pigeon Shooting Prix de Camelias (4,200 francs) at Monte Carlo

Absent King Sol

This, so far, is veritably and indeed an "indoor season," and even the most fervent anti-gambler has been forced to take refuge in those dens of iniquity against which he railed—when the sun shone. For we have given the sun up as a bad job, and are quite upset nowadays if it does not rain when we wake and pour when we go to bed. It is really remarkable how quickly one acquires a habit, and even if King Sol were to shine again with his old ardour, we should, I dare swear, refuse to venture out armed with anything but an umbrella. As for outdoor sports, we have quite given them up, and even the golfer is silenced, conversation being almost entirely confined to trente-et-quarante and bridge.

The "Truthful" Press

The above is the truth regarding the Riviera, which must now and then be told. An English daily published in Paris, however, is evidently no seeker after veracity, for it came out the other day with a beautiful account of how they were playing polo at Cannes in glorious sunshine, and of how several interesting matches had been played, etc., etc. On the day the said paragraph appeared the ground was about four inches under water, and the Committee were seriously considering whether they would not organise a water-polo tournament to keep members occupied during the bad weather! But, then, they do write such lovely things about the Riviera. A weekly contemporary tells us that Miss Edna May has been golfing at Cannes for weeks, and actually photographs her in the act. Alas! for accuracy's sake, we must confess that the fair lady in question has not so far paid Cannes a visit this year. And if one looks at the photograph, and more particularly at the skirt——! But one must not be too unkind. Some Riviera correspondents do not content themselves with being inaccurate, but are also alarmist in the bargain. For instance, the other day I read in a London periodical the sensational news to the effect that the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo was to be pulled down to enlarge the Place, and that a new Café was to be run up near Ciro's. Now, that "run up" puzzles me. And near Ciro's, too. Well, Ciro's happens to be jammed in the middle of the Galerie Charles III., so where the new Café is to be "run up" near it, Heaven and your contemporary can only know. Possibly the Café is to be erected on Ciro's roof. Seriously, one wonders how such unutterable rubbish as this sees its way into print.

The Nice Carnival

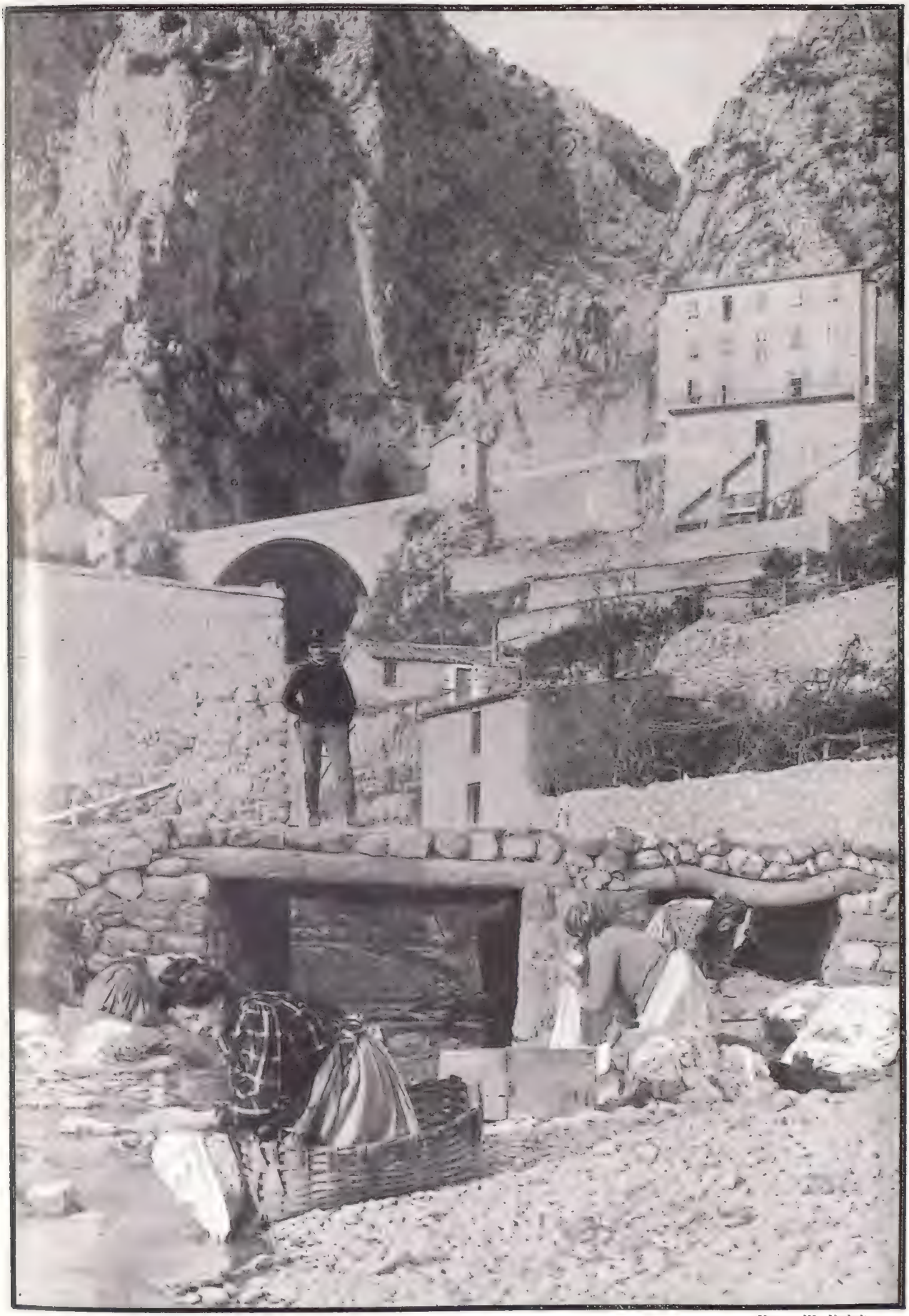
By the time this sees publication Nice will be *en plein Carnaval*, and it can be imagined that those responsible for the success of the fêtes seldom leave their barometers alone for more than a few minutes. The programme is, to all intents and purposes, precisely the same as in preceding years, and, candidly, one fails to see how it could be altered for the better. It is all very well to talk about originality, but it would be no easy task to draw up a new programme to appeal to rich and poor alike as does the Carnival year after year. To those of us who have seen it time and time again it is, of course, a bore, but, then, it provides us with an excuse for a run over to Corsica or into Italy, whilst to the hundreds and thousands to whom it comes as a complete novelty, it is just as fascinating as it ever was.

The Opera

Complaints concerning the opera at Nice are loud and long, and it really looks as if at last there may be a change for the better. There well could be. Contrasted with the opera at Monte Carlo, that of Nice is like a pantomime at Deal as compared with one at Drury Lane. And while it is, of course, impossible for Nice to compete with Monte, still there is no earthly reason why its opera should not be of a higher standard, and at the same time be an extremely remunerative affair. The audiences are there right enough, provided the attractions be sufficient. Nice, it must be remembered, has now developed into a great and important city. It is no longer a mere *ville de saison*. And with its riches—and Nice is very rich indeed—it can well afford to give us an opera season of the first-class. As it is, they do things better at San Remo!

Where Peace Still Prevails

A PICTURESQUE VIEW ON THE FRANCO-ITALIAN FRONTIER



Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

OUTDOOR LAUNDRESSES AT THE FRONTIER ROAD, NEAR MENTONE

Happily the recent incident between France and Italy resulted in no warlike complications, and the washerwomen of Mentone are still peacefully using the stream which separates the two countries. The triangular white mark, visible on the rocks to the left of the bridge in the background, is the frontier mark, and, in the event of war, the peaceful spot depicted would play a part of the first importance. Owing to its southern exposure, and to the fact that spurs of the Alps shelter it from north and west, Mentone enjoys a perfect climate, which accounts for its popularity as a winter resort

MATTERS MUSICAL

"LOUISE," OR MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S MANIFESTO

THERE can be no doubt that Mr. Hammerstein is a thorough-going idealist. He himself has told us so. He has sunk £350,000 in an enterprise without expecting, or even apparently desiring, any return on the money. A pious wish that it may not all vanish beyond recall is the extreme limit of his cupidity.

Sentiment and Business

Let others, then, prate of Carnegie and Pierpont Morgan; I will sing Hammerstein and the glories of Kingsway. Nor let cynicism rear her spiteful head. The fact that our hero is an American business man but makes his romanticism all the more credible. A more sentimental, ingenuous race never adorned the earth. Usually, however, they do not carry their sentimentality into business. But Mr. Hammerstein's great heart was too strong for his head. "I take advice from no man" is his self-proclaimed motto. A veritable Don Quixote, you see, with all the charm of the unhappy knight-errant. And if in London there are no windmills nearer than Wimbledon Common, at least there is no lack of sheep to be harried, worried, and finally driven into some theatre where they do not in the least want to go.

"Louise"

It is, indeed, most appropriate that such up-to-date chivalry should find its latest and, perhaps, most successful expression in the production of *Louise*. For *Louise*, too, is modern and romantic. Indeed, therein lies its principal interest. There are lots of modern operas like *Madama Butterfly* which are both realistic and romantic. But I can think of none, except Charpentier's brilliant experiment, wherein this modern realism itself is portrayed as essentially romantic. In that respect *Louise* is just like one of Joseph Pennell's etchings. The artist shows us the poetical aspect of factories and skyscrapers in exactly the same way as the composer-dramatist portrays the romance of modern Parisian life. It is, of course, doubtful whether opera is a suitable field for such an experiment. Most of the great æsthetic theorists, including Wagner, are agreed that it is not. There should be something heroic, something unfamiliar about the circumstances of an operatic plot, they say, because the conventional form lends itself better to these attributes. Nevertheless, a certain Mozart wrote a very agreeable little work called *Le Nozze di Figaro*, based on a contemporary play which is said to have contributed to the French Revolution. Indeed, without going as far as an acquaintance of mine, who maintains that opera will never be alive till somebody writes a quartet of bridge-players, it seems to me that anything which tends to bring any art-form into relationship with everyday life is likely to be good. The art gains vitality and life becomes more poetical.

Enthusiastic Audience

However that may be in general, there can be no doubt that *Louise* in particular is, on the whole, very successful. The music may be uneven, the policemen slightly ridiculous, the fireworks commonplace. But were these defects trebled, the brilliant, the amazing technical efficiency of Charpentier would cover them all. For the orchestration alone is nothing less than a masterpiece, and there is never a dull moment in the action of the play. As I hinted above, the performance last week was quite one of the best Mr. Hammerstein has given us, particularly in the case of the chorus and Mme. Vallandu. Indeed, had the orchestra played a little less loudly and the ballet in the third act been a little less formal, I should be inclined to credit it with perfection. But the agreeable thing was—if I may mention so material a subject—to see the house well filled with an enthusiastic audience. Perhaps, after all, I was wrong; perhaps Mr. Hammerstein is not a Don Quixote, but a Bethmann-Hollweg. His manifesto may not have been a romantic ultimatum, but merely the despatch of a journalistic *Panther* to Agadir as a preliminary to "conversations." For our sake as well as his I sincerely hope so. FRANCIS TOYE

LATTER-DAY BELLES OF NEW YORK

Some of the chorus in "Little Boy Blue," New York's latest musical-comedy success. The piece is produced by Henry W. Savage at the Lyric Theatre, New York and is attracting huge audiences. Judging by this photograph the insipid musical-comedy smile seems to be even more in evidence across the herring-pond than in London

A Mistake Somewhere

"I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS MASTER LIKES SO MUCH—OR AM I THE WRONG DOG?"

(With apologies to two well-known poster advertisements)

BY PHILIP BAYNES

The Anglers' Elysium: Salmon-Fishing on the Tay

Photograph *Sport and General*

Mr. Ure, brother of the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and Mr. Hilliard fishing the Damdyke Weir. Besides being the most beautiful of the Scottish rivers, the Tay is also the finest salmon river in the world. Any fisherman—not necessarily a member of the Ure family—might make this statement without fear of contradiction

In Defence of the Looker-On

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

ARE GAMES THE MOST IMPORTANT AFFAIRS OF LIFE?

A Wells Panorama

THERE are signs and portents that, I think, we a little ignore. Indeed, we ignore them altogether. When the heavens are trembling, when autocrats are issuing ultimatums, Popes hurling Bulls, and by-elections are deciding the fates of tottering Ministries, we pass along the street and observe, not news of these astounding events, but large placards bellowing "6.30 Edition, Close Play," or "Extra Special, Chelsea *v.* Wanderers." And then we say, "By God! the nation is going to the dogs." But is it? I was going by train the other day to a small town in Middlesex along a railway line that I do not usually travel by. And beneath grey and frosty skies I perceived gasometers, the great sheds for Army balloons, convict prisons, unfinished Eiffel Towers—monstrous and undecorative objects that seem to make the wheels of the great city go round. The eye was carried so high by means of these grey objects that, apparently, have been created by the mind of Mr. H. G. Wells—the eye was carried so high that one actually seemed to perceive the muddy ground at all. Then I chanced to look down, and then I noticed what appeared to me to be an infinite host of small worms moving hither and thither beneath the mists. They were playing football.

A Grievance

And that sight very severely shook in me the conviction that the nation is going to the dogs. I should like to make the personal confession that, whenever a Test Match is on, I buy several editions of the first newspaper I can get hold of, read the latest scores, and then throw the paper away or give it to a policeman. And during the cricket season, if I don't happen to be able to spend every morning at Lord's, I certainly turn first of all in my daily paper to the cricket scores. For it seems more important to me that Kent should win her matches than that Count Aehrenthal should have succeeded in scoring a point against Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, or that the Poet Laureate should have published a new volume, the Royal Opera have a new production, or the German police have arrested the nine hundred and sixtieth British spy. That is the thing that is really nearest my heart. I would rather Woolley had got into three figures again than that Mme. Karsavina should have scored a new triumph. That is the truth; I can't help it, and, though I have tried, I can't cure it. But, then, I have always excused myself with the thought that I was once quite a good cricketer. Indeed, I should still be a cricketer if I could get anybody to play with me. But I can't. It is the one instance that I know of the hateful jealousy of my brother-authors (for I am always being told that my brother-authors are fretful and irritably jealous mortals, though they don't much bother me) that they have never asked me to play in their annual match against the Publishers.

The Looker-on Lie

But that has always been, to myself, my excuse. I have always said that what I was doing was trying to recapture the fine frenzies of my youth, when, beneath an indifferent gas-jet in a large and very ink-stained class-room, I sat on a form and read out from the paper to an assembled multitude of inky school-fellows the latest doings of "E. M.," of "W. G.," of W. W. Read, or of Shrewsbury. But really, I am not in the least trying to recapture the spirit of that quite unpleasant phase of a past career. I am just simply and genuinely interested in modern cricket, and I can't help myself. When, however, it comes to football, my case has always been quite different. Football, and particularly Rugby, I always disliked, preferring fives courts as a place in which to spend my half-holidays. So, when I have been told that to take an interest in football was the mark of civic damnation I have quite amiably believed it. And I was always being told that by the gentlemen who are always preaching at us. God help me, though I wouldn't believe any preacher on any other non-theological subject under the sun, I have quite calmly accepted their denunciations of those who take an interest in football news. For, the preachers have always said, those who wait for the extra specials are not the people who have ever played football, and those who in hundreds of thousands attend the Cup-tie matches are in the same position. But that is just lying—as you expect from a preacher upon any non-theological subject.

Hard Facts for Ignoramuses

The fact is that, in thousands and thousands, all across those muddy fields, between the gasometers and the convict prisons, there are young men playing football. On the gate of every field in those neighbourhoods you perceive the names of the large shops—names like Whiteleys, and Harrods, and Broadwood, and so on. And each one of those fields is reserved for the playing of football by the employees of those large firms. There are also innumerable small private clubs and large private clubs. And this fact, I think, removes one-half of the preachers' stigma. A great many young men certainly play

football; a great many other young men, like myself, who are no longer particularly young, are debarred from actually playing in the teams because they are not quite good enough. They look on, and I think it would be an obtuse and blind person who condemned them for so doing. I am not, for instance, myself in a position any longer to do a turn of ploughing or to own farm land. But am I fit to be condemned because, whenever I can go into the country, I look over the hedges at the ploughing to see how the furrows come down, how the land is drying up, or the winter beans have stood the frosts? Or am I to be condemned because, when I am somewhere in the centre of Europe, I open my English paper to see what prices Kent lambs are fetching at the Newington Green sales? I do not think I am to be condemned. And I do not think that the poor urban footballer, whose circumstances only permit him a weekly half-holiday in contact with the elements and in pursuit of physical relaxation, is to be condemned either—even if he smokes cheap cigarettes, which is one of the most serious indictments aimed at him by the preachers.

Paid Spectators!

And there is even an international aspect to these matters. The mountains look on Marathon and Marathon on the sea, and I am sure that of old, in the comity of the Grecian nations, the Athenians gained as much prestige by their victories in the Olympic Games, and the Olympic Games did more than anything else to advance the cause of what little tiny bits of peace were to be found among those decadent, loquacious, and quarrelsome peoples. For if you imagine that the Athenian market-place took any particular interest in the works of Sophocles you are extraordinarily mistaken. The audiences at the Greek higher drama were simply paid to go to be improved. Twopence-halfpenny a man was their price when Athens was prosperous, and the twopence-halfpenny a man was paid by the State which wished to improve Athenian morals. And what really interested the Athenian market-place were the scandals and divorce cases of the day; the fresh dinners that were given by local or foreign millionaires; the rules qualifying the candidate in the Games for residence; how a celebrated prize-fighter was "coming on" in his training; and whether the Mother of Alcibiades dyed her hair green or purple. It was just, you see, the same old halfpenny Press.

Football Diplomats

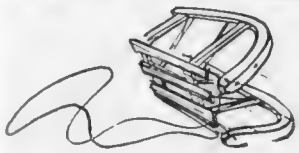
But the Athenian State had the sense to take advantage of the athletic spirit. It did not carefully divide boy cricketers from Boy Scouts or adolescent football-players from Territorials. For the Greeks had some imagination, whereas God's Englishman, though he has plenty, is extraordinarily ashamed to use it. Yet if you had been, as I have been, in a field not very far from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, when the Clapham Monkeys, or the Pied Wanderers, or some such team were engaged in beating Frankfort A by 27 points to a dropped goal, you would know that that particular victory did, in that district, more for the cause of peace than all the negotiations of all the diplomats or all the rumours of the sharpening of swords. For the inhabitants of the district round Frankfort, having talked for a month about how Frankfort A was going to smash the Englishmen—the inhabitant of that whole district were extraordinarily impressed by the spectacle of the Clapham Monkey forwards doing stunts all round the most respected of their backs. And the whole of that district became much impressed and much more internationally peaceful. It has been suggested about nine thousand times that the proper way to conduct a war would be to select the dozen best swordsmen of the hostile nations and just let them fight it out between the aligned armies. And this is just what the fifteen Clapham Monkeys or the eleven Pied Wanderers are really engaged in doing all over the world. FORD MADOX HUEFFER

FICTION

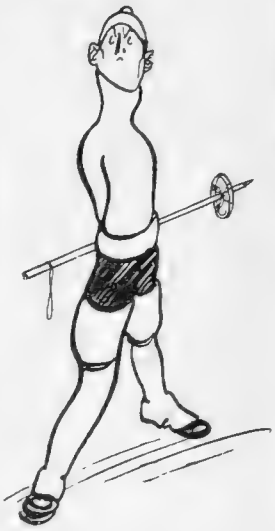
BY F. FOSMIRE

The Satirist on Winter Sport

Mr. H. M. Bateman, having just returned from a winter sports holiday, has, by a strange psychic process, noticed almost exactly the same things as our correspondent "Journeyman," extracts from whose articles fit the sketches to a nicety



Nobody is in the least surprised at anything anybody does



The "who-the-devil-are-you" stare

Proposal on Ski: "Should the result be disappointment one can slip down out of one's misery cleanly, quickly, picturesquely"

On ski, it is no unusual thing to sit down suddenly in the middle of a conversation. Nobody thinks anything of it

YOUTH: "Do you skate or—er—ski, or what?"
BARREL-SHAPED LADY: "I toboggan!"

WHO CALLS CURLING DULL: "The curling rink is, to the skater *en passant*, an amphitheatre of sound and glad dance"

MISS ROCQUAINE'S POSE

By VIRENS H. VIRENS

AUTHOR OF "A MAN IN THE CASE"

"WHO is Miss Rocquaine?" queried the widow.

"My dear!" they cried in chorus, "surely you have heard of Betty Rocquaine? Why she's coming here this afternoon."

"I have heard of little else," replied the widow. "Her frocks, her extravagance, her wonderful hair," she touched her transformation rather nervously, "and her brilliant conversation—but what I want to know is: Who is she?"

The little assembly in the morning-room stirred anxiously. Needles were arrested in their business of working trivial sachets and pin-cushions for the church bazaar. Lips parted eagerly and then closed again, because it was so difficult to know whether one could really do justice to the fascinating subject.

The widow, misreading this silence, explained that her question had not been put in any spirit of unkindness. Far was it from her to suppose that anything could be amiss with one of her hostess's (Lady Waltham) guests. Yet she *was* curious . . . and there had been some talk of a "pose."

"A 'pose,'" said Mrs. Norville, and the click of busy thimbles told that a worthy spokeswoman had come forward. "Well, yes, about that one can have small doubt. Poor, dear Betty poses as a confirmed spinster, and we feel, we have always felt, that there is something . . ."

"Dear, dear," murmured the widow. "I have often feared that in these days of so much liberty for girls . . ."

"Oh, no! Not that," cried Mrs. Norville, slightly alarmed. "Indeed, no; there can be no question of what you suggest. One knows that dear Betty is thoroughly reliable and serious."

"She has taken her B.A.," someone interpolated.

"And, besides," Mrs. Norville continued, "her mother, Lady Letemar, a dear friend of mine, complains, actually *complains*, that one cannot get Beatrice to give any man the slightest encouragement actually to propose, and in these days men will not . . . one must make everything so easy for them."

"And even then . . ." sighed the widow.

"Betty takes after her father, Major Rocquaine—Agatha Letemar's first husband," murmured an old lady, whose rare comments were listened to with respect and awe. It was said that nothing escaped her sharp ears, and that her dim blue eyes could read one's character mercilessly. "He was a most brilliant man," she continued, "extremely sociable and popular, and wonderfully attracted by all the good things of this world. People, dull women for instance, have called him a flirt, a creature without character or will, drawn here and there on the impulse of a moment. That was not so. Jack Rocquaine was an epicure, yes, and impatient of long-winded proceedings, to that I must agree; but his interest in people and things was always impersonal. I think that no one, his wife excepted, recognised this fundamental characteristic. His flirtations were brilliant duels between two brains. If the heart wished to participate, he was at once for withdrawal, for flight. There was never an indiscretion or an infatuation; every action, every word was directed by the brain, and Jack Rocquaine's brain was exceedingly well balanced. These traits I have recognised with pleasure in Betty Rocquaine. When Betty says that she will not marry; that she is firmly determined to remain a spinster, she is speaking the fullest truth. I remember she made up her mind to this course the year she came out, and she has not wavered in her purpose for ten years."

"But Miss Rocquaine is so vivacious, so fond of admiration—merely the way she dresses tells one that," Irene Norville exclaimed. "And there's always some little flirtation going on when she stays here; and awfully well she does it too! But, somehow, nothing serious ever develops."

"That, too, is characteristic of her father," murmured the old lady. "Of course, Betty would flirt well. She would make a fine art of anything she was doing."

"Nevertheless, one thinks Miss Betty would be glad to drop the pose at last," laughed Mrs. Norville. "My private opinion is that these 'I-will-never-marry' girls are like people who take tickets in a raffle and disguise their anxiety by saying: 'I know I shall not win.'"

. . . . . .

When Beatrice Rocquaine arrived between tea and dinner-time at Brummilow Court, her friend, Lesbia Waltham, darted forward, enveloped her with a hug of admiration, and bore her off laughing and protesting through a number of spectators in the hall.

"But, Lesbia, I want to say, 'How d'you do,'" cried Miss Rocquaine, and Lesbia replied severely:

"Nonsense, you're perished with cold and rain, and your hair's out of curl, and no 'How d'you do's' until you're fit to be seen!"

The widow in the hall laughed rather sourly, and Irene Norville caught her eye and whispered something about "ridiculous fuss" and "affectation."

A man standing near the fire unbent from his tremendous height to lean over the old lady's chair and inquire: "Mrs. Roche, who was that?" to which she replied, in her precise fashion:

"Sir Anthony, that was Miss Rocquaine."

"Very charming," he registered her, judging from his forty years' experience. The figure of a thoroughbred, neat movements, and a fine taste in dress—these things made their appeal to him. He sauntered off to the billiard-room and thought no more of the girl.

Irene Norville, observing him carefully, turned to the widow.

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 350)

Noble Head (and Nimble Feet)

A PENCIL PORTRAIT OF M. ANDREAS PAVLEY

A young Russian dancer, who specialises in classical and mimetic dancing of his own authorship. He has lately been dancing at the Palladium, and is appearing again quite shortly, either at this or at another hall, in a new ballet, entitled "Bewitched," music by Francis Böhr (composer for Mordkin). He is assisted in his dances by Mlle. Lodowska and a ballet of children. This has been his first appearance in London

BY EVA SAWYER

(Continued from page 348)

"If Miss Rocquaine refused Sir Anthony Harrap I should believe in her 'pose,'" she whispered maliciously.

"Unfortunately for her there is little chance of his falling a victim. If I were the handsomest man in England, with thirty thousand a year handed down to me by a score of impeccable ancestors, I certainly would not be so silly as to marry."

. . . .

Upstairs, Lesbia Waltham knelt on the hearthrug and stroked her friend's feet.

"Your hair is more wonderful than ever," she sighed, "and your insteps are much higher than I remembered!"

Betty laughed, tossing and turning her hair before the fire.

"When I am dry," she said, "I want to show you my new shooting-boots. I am glad I ordered them. I shall certainly walk with the guns. I saw a quite beautiful man in the hall. You will introduce us, and he will ask me to walk with him." She stopped abruptly, arrested by the look on Lesbia's face. Her tone changed. "After all, I think I should get bored and wet," she mused. "And I doubt that I am his style of girl. A big man like that would prefer a little kitten-y thing like your pretty self. Is he on his knees already, Lesbia?"

"No, indeed, we have barely spoken," she protested. "What a funny idea."

"Then why," cried Betty, turning up her friend's candid face; "why was there a look of doubt and concealed thought in your eyes just now, wicked one?" Her voice was a caress which never failed to draw out the truth. Lesbia flushed hotly, more in anger at some hidden grievance than in distress at this self-betrayal.

"Oh, I did not want to tell you!" she exclaimed, "and yet I want so dreadfully badly to know, and when you spoke like that about Sir Anthony Harrap my doubts got into my eyes. I felt it happening. You know, Betty, I do believe that you honestly like being a spinster, and all the things you say about it are absolutely reasonable, and yet——" she paused a breathless moment—"and yet, in the morning-room to-day they were saying things. . . I began to feel that perhaps, after all, no woman remains unmarried by choice. And those horrid Gibbon girls said things about 'sour grapes' and—and Irene . . ."

". . . thought I would marry if Mr. Right proposed," Betty said calmly. "Was that it? Or did they suggest that Mr. Wrong hasn't even proposed, and that all my *affaires decœur* end in nothing serious?"

Lesbia turned spellbound, and gazed at her friend.

"Then you *know*," she whispered, amazed.

"About 'Miss Rocquaine's pose'? Of course I do, you foolish child," laughed the caressing voice.

Lesbia hung her head. She felt disagreeably young and stupid. A question came doubtfully to her lips.

"Then, even if a man like Sir Anthony, a perfect match in every respect, proposed, you would refuse him?" she faltered.

"No man will ever propose to me," said Betty, "because I shall always stop him in time. I should hate the sentimentality of love-making," she cried, warming to her subject, "and the loss of my freedom, and the unutterable boredom of something which is as little governed by the brain as is hunger or rage!"

Lesbia's courage failed her. This leader whom she wished to follow was too strenuous, too self-sufficient. It seemed incredible that Betty had never loved. Lesbia hesitated on the brink of an indiscretion.

"Perhaps, once, you . . ." she faltered.

"No; I have always been heart-whole," said Betty, comfortably. "There hasn't been a moment of doubt about that. Men have been charming, and flattering, and amorous, but I simply haven't ever felt in the least in love with any one of them."

. . . . .

That night, recollecting Lesbia's confidences, Betty considered the situation which her "pose" had brought about. She was being forced more and more every year to realise the obstinacy of public opinion. It was true; women would not believe in her purpose to remain celibate; they insinuated, they suggested, some tried even to help her to a husband. And the men? Betty was being compelled to see that flirtation with them was no longer a simple matter. They seemed to have drawn alarming conclusions from the women's opinion of her. Once or twice lately a rather overwrought Betty had fancied that men behaved towards her as though they were afraid of being "caught."

But to-night her old power of attraction had asserted itself splendidly. Sir Anthony Harrap had been frank about the interest which she inspired in him. Here was no fear of being enticed into a fatal flirtation. On the contrary, it seemed as though Sir Anthony were afraid only of not finding favour in Betty's eyes.

The thought came to her that it would be a good thing if Sir Anthony proposed to her. Then, at last, she could prove that her attitude towards marriage was no pose. She could show these gossiping women that she did not hesitate to refuse that which the least amorous spinster among them would accept with alacrity. Her colour rose. The night was late, and Betty's thoughts were beginning to dance to feverish tunes. It would be fatally easy to allow Sir Anthony to slip into an "affair." Previous experiences told her that a proposal would follow with the first opportunity. Only one thing would require thought and manœuvres, and this was the question of time. Sir Anthony's infatuation must not spread itself over a longer or shorter period than that of Betty's visit. His proposal must come near the end of his stay at Brummilow, and he must leave as a result of her refusal of him. Thus the event would become a general secret at Brummilow Court. She arose and stood in the middle of her bedroom, wondering how it would feel to stand like that, and, looking up into Sir Anthony's handsome face, refuse him. She had never done this thing to a man. She had never allowed the warmth of love either to please or pain her. She went towards her bed and, kneeling upon it, got carefully in and drew the cold linen about her. And suddenly she thought of how Sir Anthony would feel were she to do this unkind thing to him. Painfully moved, she sank down among the pillows, and gripping one, as a woman catches at a man's shoulder, she began to sob.

Mrs. Roche sat in the uncomfortable tumble-cart, watching Betty's profile. Betty leaned well forward, with an idea of lightening the pony's burden uphill, and wondered why her father's old friend had so much desired this *tête-à-tête* drive. When they reached the top of the hill, Mrs. Roche began to speak.

(Continued on page 352)

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(Continued from page 350)

"Betty," she said, "I asked you to bring me up here because we must be undisturbed while I speak to you."

The girl's lips quivered. "Do tell me," she said with amusement. "I am sure it is about Sir Anthony. It sounds conceited to say so, but I know they are all talking about us. In fact, Mrs. Norville has been so far as to question Lesbia. Discreetly, of course! As though that would palliate the offence!"

"My dear," murmured Mrs. Roche, and was silent.

"Do tell me," Betty repeated after a while, feeling contrite and curious.

"You must not think that I wish to question you," Mrs. Roche reproved her. Then she became an old woman speaking to a child. "As though it were necessary to question you when I see the whole affair so clearly! Betty, you are not being true to your father now. Oh, my dear, dear girl, you are behaving very cruelly."

Betty stopped the pony, and turned a flaming face towards her old friend.

"Sir Anthony won't do more than warm his hands at the fire," she exclaimed.

"Possibly," came the unexpected reply; "but how are you to tell that this warming of hands will not become the most essential thing in life to him?"

"He isn't a marrying man," faltered Betty.

"Many kind women have said that of men, and rued the day they believed it."

"You have got faith in me," cried the girl. "*You* at least do not think that I mean to marry the man."

Mrs. Roche smiled at this tribute to her intelligence.

"If you meant to marry him you would have treated him differently," she said, thoughtfully. "The day following your arrival you spent an hour with him in the white boudoir after tea—I know because I wanted the room! And you left a handkerchief wet with tears, which I retrieved for you. No scheming girl would have cried *so much*. And to you, of all people, it is most unbecoming, as you well know. Your nose swells and changes colour, and that dark mark comes out on your brow. You allow these things to happen, against a white brocade background, and wonder that I do not suspect you of intentions.

"Your further behaviour confirms me in saying that you are cruel. You, who do not like children, take this man, who has said that he adores them, to the keeper's cottage and hold the youngest baby against your bosom—that chattering little widow could speak of nothing else this morning. You made quite a picture, she said, together in the gloaming; you crooning to the baby and Sir Anthony standing close beside you stroking the child's head, and saying, 'Miss Rocquaine, do feel this; it's even softer than my hunter's nose.'"

"I thought the widow would enjoy the picture." Betty smiled unnaturally. Suddenly her eyelids quivered. "Oh," she half-whispered, "do you know I am afraid I am growing fond of them? Their softness almost *hurts* me."

Mrs. Roche seemed to stumble upon an idea.

"Betty," she began.

But Miss Rocquaine wheeled the pony round and commenced the steep descent of the hill.

. . . . . .

Anthony Harrap waited uneasily in the white boudoir. She had promised to meet him there, and it was not her way to be unpunctual. Only some final misgiving could detain her.

He went to the window and breathed deeply of the wet air while he rehearsed his speech. He wanted to marry Betty. He wanted her most desperately. It seemed impossible that she should consent, and yet it seemed to him impossible that any woman could have acted a part so well.

This was the day for which they had timed his proposal. In a moment of fun he had told her what he would say. Now he found that his more lately composed speech was deserting him, and that those words recurred to him, forced their way into his mind, and this time he meant them.

He thought aghast of how he had planned with her, in this very room, his infatuation. He had gathered vaguely that she was a confirmed spinster, that her friends disbelieved her, that somehow he could right things for her, but for the meanness she must practise upon him. Then, suddenly, she had moved towards the door; he had detained her; her eyes were full. Half led, half leading, he had suggested a scheme. She had acknowledged it hers. She had wept briefly but stormily while he tried to prove to her how comfortably he could play the game, first of admirer and then of rejected suitor.

Her distress was too great that night to allow of any definite compact being formed, but the following morning she had unhesitatingly returned his lead, and the game had begun.

Somewhere in the distance a door slammed; then came the sound of flying feet, and Betty was in the room.

"I am late," she exclaimed. "The widow will be on duty in a moment. . . . Let us begin."

He came close to her, startlingly close. She drew away, but her movement seemed to bring him closer.

"Betty," he commenced, "game or no game on your part, I am going to propose to you in earnest."

She put up her hands. He caught them. She parted her lips to cry for grace. He closed them with kisses.

Her nimble brain failed her. It would give no orders to her body, excepting that for which her body craved—surrender. In this way he held her.

. . . . . .

At half-past six that evening he found on his dressing-table a note. It ran:

DEAR SIR ANTHONY,—A week ago, our brains made a compact which to-day our bodies would not keep. Now that I understand the unreasoning power of love I will not blame either you or myself, and I know that you will help me to put my brain in power again. I will not be like those women who succumb not only against, but absolutely without, their judgment! I will not join the ranks of those women whose "pose" is spinsterhood until lips have touched them.

This afternoon you loved a woman without a soul, without consistency, without a brain. That was not I, indeed that was not I. Love the real me this evening; the woman who governs herself, the woman who thinks, and does not wish to wed.

If I have hurt you, I must forgive you for that which befel me to-day. For all your tenderness I would not have it happen again.

To-day I repudiated, for a space, my most firm conviction. For that happy, unhappy time I, too, was compelled to believe in "Miss Rocquaine's pose."

VIRENS H. VIRENS

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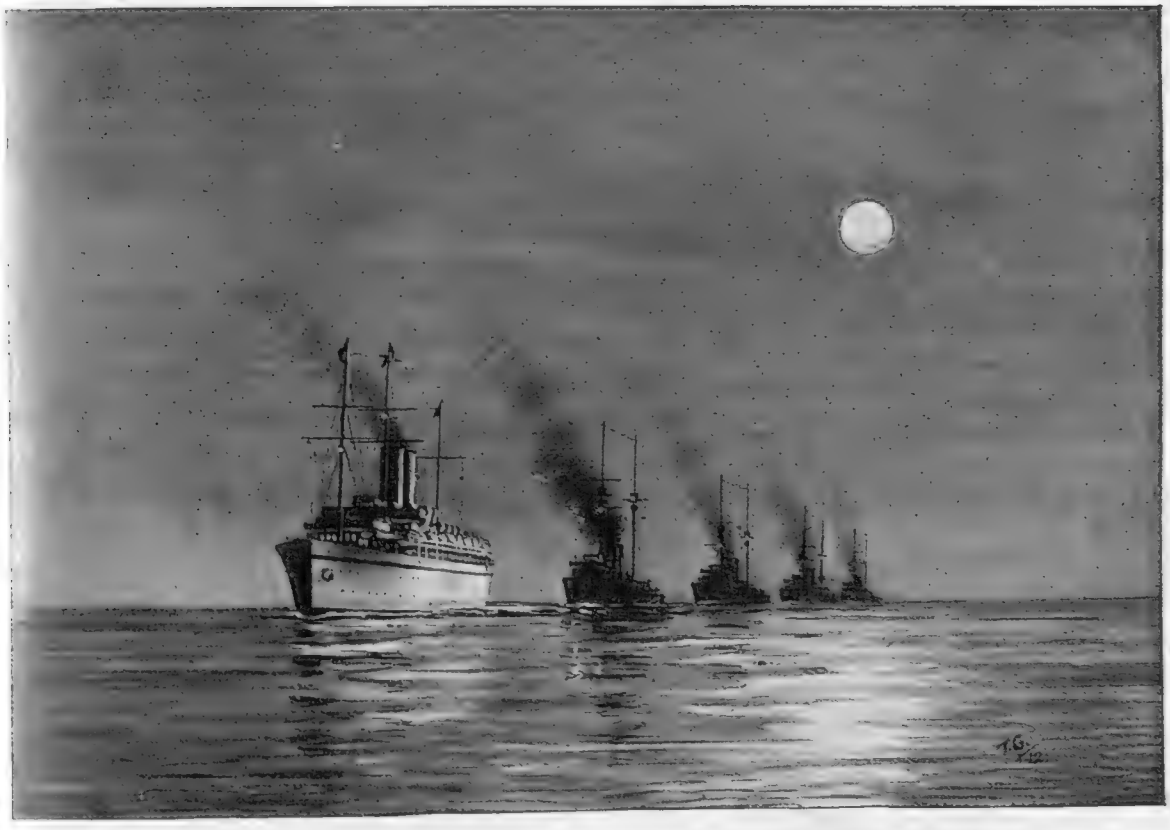

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

The Middle-Aged Heroine

How fashion in feminine age changes! It used to be the correct thing to be a simple maiden, dimpled and coy, who ceased to be interesting on the day after her marriage. The novelists used to peal the wedding-bells on their penultimate page, and draw big royalties in consequence. But affairs are very different in these days. To be interesting to-day, you must (if you are a woman) be at least forty-two—the dangerous age, according to the Danish lady—and if you happen most unfortunately to be seventeen, the sooner you grow old, the better. And the result of this state of affairs is that your modern novel, as often as not, begins about twenty years after it used to end. Here, for instance, is that admirable writer, Mr. Desmond Coke, deserting the schools and playgrounds he knows so well for a lady of forty suffering from the modern complaint. (What that is, of course, I need not say.) It is really very sad, and were Mr. Coke not able to write so neatly and amusingly on any subject he chooses, I should be angry. True, in this new book of his, called *The Cure* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*.), he has something to say of a young girl "with views," but his "psychologic farce," as we are bidden to call it—how useful a sub-title can be!—is mainly concerned with the peculiar adventure of Lady Medwin, who is old enough to be the girl's mother.

WINNER OF A 250-GUINEA LITERARY PRIZE

Miss Miriam Alexander, author of "The House of Lisronan" (Melrose: 6s.), the novel to which Messrs. A. C. Benson, A. E. W. Mason, and W. J. Locke awarded Mr. Andrew Melrose's 250-guinea prize

The Cure Which Came Off

This Lady Medwin, after being married to Sir Hector for seventeen years, quarrels with him over—a hat. It was one of those new-fangled hats which defy description and fill ordinary-sized cupboards, and, very naturally, Sir Hector objected. So his wife decides to run away, and finds (in an advertisement) a hostel for debilitated people, where the simple life is lived, and adventures are probably in store for you. Mr. Coke is careful to explain that the hostel exists nowhere save in his imagination, and here he shows wisdom, for, in spite of the recent *Pall Mall Gazette* action, you cannot be altogether easy, if you are unfortunate enough to be an author, on the matter of libel. Mr. Coke's hostel is run by a man whose business it is to make people believe they are ill, and nowadays surely nothing is easier. And Lady Medwin, as you expect, finds "emotion" in this agreeable place. There is at the hostel an elderly philosopher, first discovered enjoying the simple delights of a mud-bath, and there is an athletic young fellow who has come there by mistake. Also, as I have said, there is the young lady, quite a personable young lady, who gets in her ladyship's way. Lady Medwin's stay, however, is short, for Sir Hector arrives at a psychological moment in anything but *propria persona*, and appears in his wife's eyes to be the charming man he undoubtedly is. And so the cure works. It is a curious little story, rather baffling in parts, with a delicate love-story delicately interwoven. But I could wish that the author of *Wilson's* and *The Bending of a Twig* would leave the realm of farce to less qualified men, even if farces can be highly psychological and mirror an aspect of life, and write a more serious book. But that is probably what he is doing at the moment.

RALPH STRAUS

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

THE MODERN PARISIENNE. By Octave Uzanne. (Heinemann: 6s. net.)
THE CHILDREN'S BREAD. By Maude Little. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)
HE WHO PASSED. To M.L.G. (Heinemann: 6s.)
PRISONERS' YEARS. By I. Clarke. (Methuen: 6s.)
WHEN THE WAR IS O'ER. By Major F. M. Peacock. (Longmans: 6s.)
CHICANE. By Oliver Sandys. (Long: 6s.)
TWO MEN AND A GOVERNESS. By Olivia Ramsay. (Long: 6s.)
THE SPINDLE. By Elizabeth Harden. (Long: 6s.)
THE DRUNKARD. By Guy Thorne. (Greening: 6s.)
AND THE STARS FOUGHT. By Ena Fitzgerald. (Greening: 6s.)
A COMEDY OF HONOUR. By Guy Rawlence. (Greening: 6s.)
MARIE. By H. Rider Haggard. (Cassell: 6s.)
WONDERS OF PLANT LIFE. By S. L. Bastin. (Cassell: 3s. 6d. net.)

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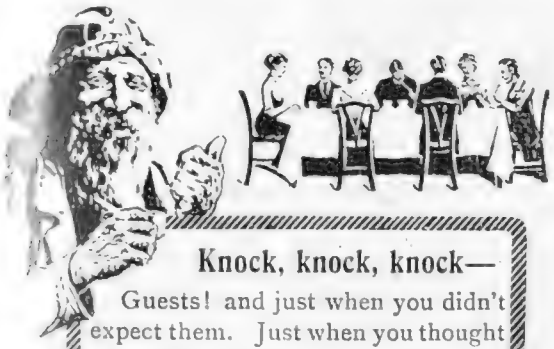

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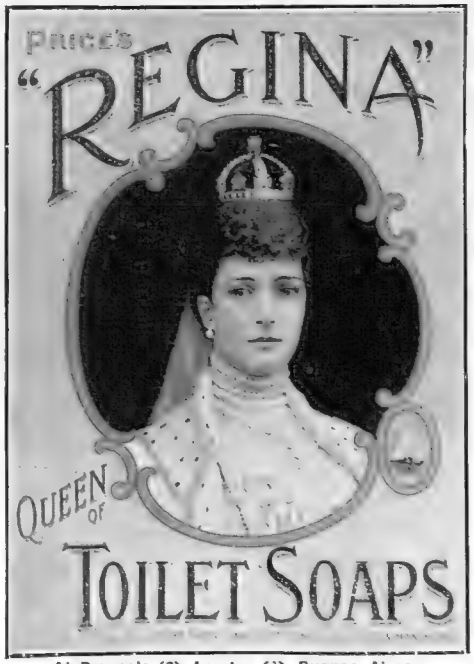

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RACING: Crack Jockeys. BY CARBINE

Wootton's Future

According to last week's cables, Frank Wootton is still riding winners in India, but his stay there is almost finished, and he is due back in England early next month. A point of interest will be to see how much the lad has increased in weight. This became so vital a question with him last season that he had to do a lot of wasting, with constant Turkish baths, in order to keep himself within reasonable proportions. A growing lad cannot continue this regimen for long, and I hear that Wootton has put on weight since he left England. I shall not be surprised if he finds it difficult on his arrival to get down to less than 8st. 9lb. Such a big-framed fellow must, before long, become too big for further jockeyship, and his loss will be greatly regretted on the Turf. With the exception of Maher, no jockey can approach him for brilliancy on the flat.

Who is the Best Jockey?

Not long since I asked a leading trainer, for whom both jockeys have ridden at various times, whether he would put up Maher or Wootton if he had his choice. The question was evidently an exceedingly difficult one to answer. "Both have their very strong points," he said, "but I think Maher is the stronger finisher. At times he has ridden badly judged races, but, on the other hand, he has ridden many marvellously good ones, and has won races which I think no other jockey of the present time could have done." Maher is more effective than Wootton when the whip is brought into use, as the latter is inclined to roll a bit when he raises his whip hand. Fortunately, however, Wootton does not use the whip so much as he did a year or two ago, and when he has his horse well-balanced, it is delightful to see him ride him home with his hands.

Selections

There has been little attempt at betting on the Lincolnshire Handicap so far, but many good judges with whom I have discussed the prospects of the race agree with me that Moscato is the best handicap horse. Fortunately the frost had all gone out of the ground by the end of last week, and unless we have another cold snap, there should be some interesting racing during the next few days. The best sport of the week should be seen at Hurst Park, where on Friday the Mole Hurdle Handicap may be won by **Plume** and the Thames Steeplechase by **Rory O'Moore.** On the following day I fancy **Farouche** for the Park Maiden Steeplechase and **Jacobus** for the February Hurdle Race. There should be some fair sport on the same two days at Haydock Park, where Rathnally may be brought out.

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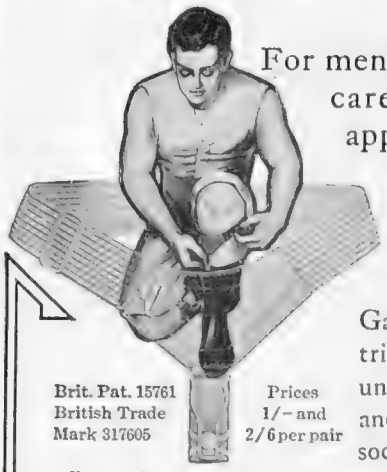

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A Day Out at Home for England

IRELAND'S RUGBY TEAM OUTPLAYED AT ALL POINTS

THE ENGLISH FORWARDS ROUNDING UP AFTER CHECKING AN IRISH ATTACK EARLY IN THE GAME
The score was five tries (one scored in the first half and the rest in the second) to nil. England has now beaten both Wales and Ireland without having her line crossed

Fifteen of the Best

The big match at Twickenham on Saturday proved conclusively that England this season are a really powerful side. I do not agree with the contention that they had nothing much to beat. The Irishmen were a fine side, but on Saturday they were up against a still finer one, and in the one branch of the game in which Ireland is traditionally strong—forward play—they were outclassed by the most brilliant pack that has represented any of the four Unions for years past. Five tries is a pretty big score, I know, but not one of those five tries was easily gained; every single one had to be striven for, and three of them could not have been prevented by the finest defence in the world. Moreover, at half-time our men had only scored once. They ought to have scored several times, but the fact

A SWERVE, A STUMBLE, AND A SMART PICK-UP

remains that they didn't, whereas Lloyd had only missed dropping a goal for Ireland by inches. However, a three-points lead is something to go on with, and they never lost confidence. They played more and more boldly as time went on, and yet they took no unnecessary risks. Indeed, throughout the whole game, although they made mistakes which spoilt some of their attacks, they never made any bad blunders by which the other side could profit. The fact that they have beaten Wales and Ireland without having their line crossed proves them to be a team in which soundness and brilliancy are delightfully blended.

A Few Impressions

Except for the place-kicking, which was quite ludicrously bad, there was hardly a weak spot anywhere. Of the forwards it suffices to say that they were splendid. That is the only word for it. Johnston, though reliable enough, was not at his best in the matter of touch-finding; he did not get his usual length. In the first half Coverdale was

ENGLAND'S FORWARDS ON THE SPOT AS USUAL

inclined to hang on to the ball too long, and Birkett and Poulton (the former especially) caught the infection from him to some extent; but all this was remedied in the second half, during which Birkett made some wonderful "barging" runs, while Poulton, owing to his intuitive power of knowing where to go and what to do, was enormously useful both in attack and defence. Brougham and Roberts were "quite all right." Of the Irish backs Lloyd was far and away the best man; he was always doing things and doing them most disconcertingly well. Besides nearly dropping a goal (as already mentioned) he nearly placed another from a penalty, and his long kicking into touch was positively marvellous. But his colleagues were only strong in defence, and it takes more than one brilliant attacker to win a Rugger match. H. S. S.

THE TRY THAT WASN'T
Dibble, the English Captain, gets in, but, falling on his back, fails to touch the ball down

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is enhanced by the performances of the 1912 steel-studded leather-treaded pattern. From the first, its immense superiority over other tyres of its type has been obvious. It has proved itself good for five hundred miles more on the first tread than has hitherto been the rule; when retreaded, the results yielded are equally gratifying. The evil of stud-shedding is practically done away with.

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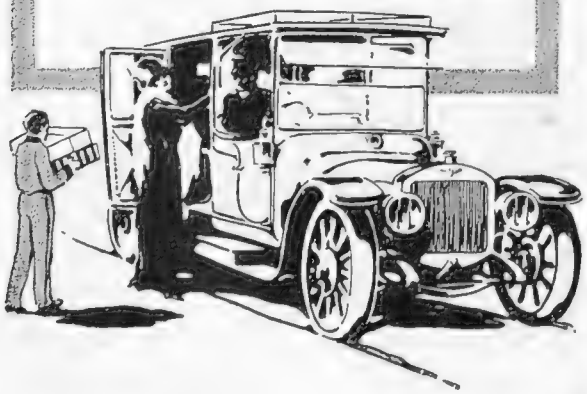

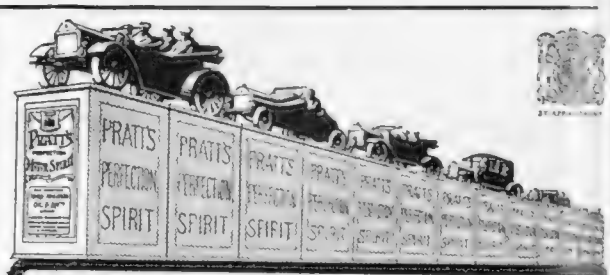

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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

tograph] ST. PETERSBURG TO MONACO *[Bulla*

N[illegible]el on his 24-30 h.-p. Russo-Baltic inspected by the Tsar's A.D.C. before leaving for the international run through Europe to Monaco. N[illegible]'s feat of averaging 16·668 kiloms per hour over a distance of 3,257 kiloms (almost twice the run of any other competitor in this Monaco "Rallye"), placed him third in the order of merit for his class

On Museums

A museum is a possession of which we are, generally, inordinately proud, but which we never, by any avoidable chance, enter. We like to know . . . is there to impress the foreign tripper, and for the possible edification of our native youth. It is one outward and visible sign of a stage of erudition to which we have never attained, and it holds exhibits which we discover, with enormous, if secret, surprise, are priceless—after we have lost them. Briefly, and for the average person, a museum is an excellent amalgam of white elephant and whited sepulchre.

Collecting Historic Cars

I do not suppose the motor museum which is projected will materially differ from any other if it ever comes to concrete expression. Many motorists are very interested in it, as I am myself, and doubtless it will provide material of much helpfulness to the student of automobile engineering. The average motorist will, I imagine, certainly visit it—once. But everyone will seriously agree that it is a desirable thing to have, and will join with me in applauding the effort now being made by our contemporary, the *Motor*, to collect those historic vehicles which stand as milestones on the short road of internal combustion engine development in relation to road transport.

The White City Effort

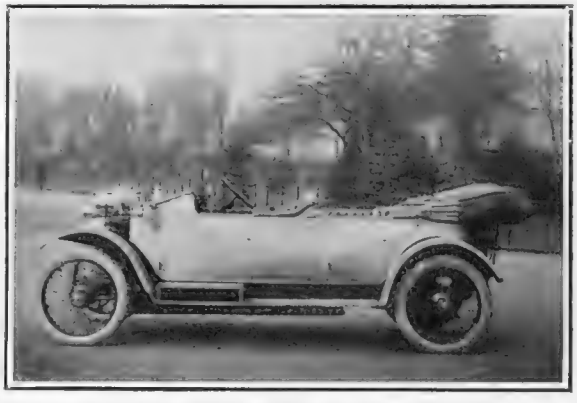
The idea of a museum is not new, of course. Mr. Claude Johnson, of the Rolls-Royce Company, and, aforetime, secretary of the Automobile Club which is now the R.A.C., organised a very comprehensive collection of old-stagers for the White City Exhibition of 1909. I visited that exhibit several times, being of the student class, and heard the hall echoing my solitary footfall. I suppose everybody admitted with the greatest cordiality that the collection was at least highly interesting, and some went to the extreme of affirming that it was enormously valuable (as, indeed, it was, properly regarded), and should be permanently preserved. And having said that, and with a splendid unanimity, we left it alone. I fear our bump of veneration must be suffering atrophy.

An Appeal for Help

Since that collection went its several ways it has become increasingly difficult to trace the whereabouts of the cars which have made history. Many of them, of course, have gone untimely to the scrap-heap, metaphorically anathematising the posterity that had done so little for them, and not anticipating this greatness which is at present threatened to be thrust upon them. A fossil car is not a handy thing to keep around the house, and doubtless many went to ignominious endings. But many are known to remain, and if any of my readers happen to be possessed of one, or has knowledge of the whereabouts of one, and would communicate either with me or the Editor of the *Motor*, he would be doing a real service to automobilism, and will be helping the Committee to reconstruct the evolution of the vehicle which has changed our conception of road transport, revolutionised the highways of civilised countries, and, because social institutions are so largely dependent upon means of communication, done much for culture and the common good. Any car that will mark a stage, or that has achieved greatness, is wanted.

A Note for Motor-Cyclists

The Dunlop Company have devised a patch-fixer—a neat and particularly effective pair of tongs—which grips the patch and the portion of the tube being repaired between its two broad plates, keeping the pressure applied by slipping a ring down the arms to which the plates are attached. That has the effect of expelling all air from under the patch and facilitating a perfect and permanent repair. Very handy and compact, can be carried comfortably in the wallet, very simple, and very cheap. Which reminds me that in the Herts County 100-mile reliability trial the other day the principal prizes were captured by aid of Dunlop tyres and belt. Newsome, who topped the score-sheet, used a Dunlop belt, while Fenn, on a Humber (first in Class A), and Alan Hill on a Rudge (silver medallist in Class B), were on Dunlop tyres. Only two riders completed the strenuous test between Exeter and Penzance (out and home), and one of them was Neumann on a Rudge, using the same Dunlop belt without adjustment which he used in winning the gold medal on the twenty-four hours' M.C.C. trial at Christmas. Good indeed.



ELEGANT EFFICIENCY

The 38 h.-p. Lanchester, beautifully bodied with a five seater torpedo phaeton

Dunlop Again

The award of the Dewar Trophy for the most meritorious performance of the year and the Royal Automobile Club gold medal for the best monthly trial furnishes a double triumph for Dunlop tyres, both the Delahaye car, with the Thomas transmission, which obtained the trophy, and the Sunbeam car, to which the medal was allotted, having been fitted with Dunlops.

In Compression

"It is not the merit of Austin car performances in public competitions, good as that may be (and is), that distinguishes them . . . but that steadiness and continuity of service in everyday work that is gone through without trouble and with economy"—thus far, excepting the two words in parenthesis, the Austin Company itself. I just come in to say, very cordially, that it is a true bill the Company presents, and in evidence thereof, and again of the fact that Austin quality has come to wide and well-merited popularity, we have, during a recent three weeks not specially selected, a record of orders from Austin customers for no fewer than 107 cars. How the vehicles take shape from the raw material may be seen by anyone interested, the Company having a standing invitation to the world to inspect their works. I commend that course wherever it may be possible. It will convey the careful method by which one of the best of our British cars is constructed far better than any writer can ever hope to do.

The Monte Carlo Motor Meet, known as the "Rallye Automobile de Monaco," which has just been held, proved extremely popular, no fewer than ninety cars being entered. Although a touring competition, the Monaco Rallye is quite a novelty, the competitors starting from various towns in such order as to reach the finishing point about the same time. The winner of the "General" Class, Director Beutler, a Berlin competitor, covered the distance of 1,062 miles on a Berliet motor fitted with Continental tyres. The fifth, tenth, and nineteenth arrivals also used this famous make of tyres. The varying conditions which the different routes to Monte Carlo presented speak well for the endurance and reliability of the tyres that lived through the test so excellently.

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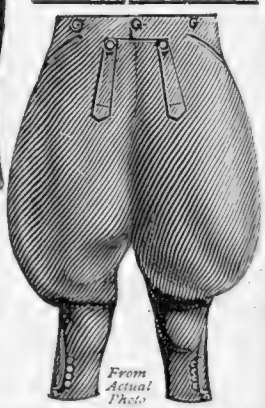

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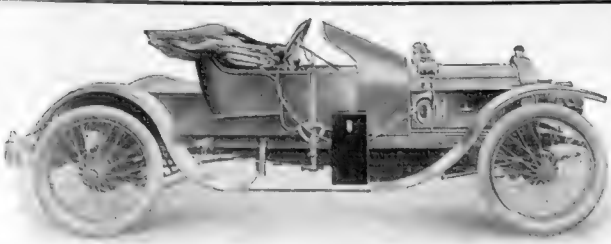

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The Best Plants for Edgings

There is, perhaps, nothing that gives more character to a garden than the edging to the beds and borders. Of course, the arrangement of the plants themselves may sometimes render any definite edging unnecessary, as the illustration will show, but that applies only to certain parts of the grounds. At one time there was seldom any other plant used than box. It is still used in the formal garden, where it serves its purpose well, but owing to its stiffness it is now regarded as being less suitable elsewhere. A common objection urged against it is that it harbours snails. It certainly does; but this is really an advantage, for they can be easily found and destroyed. An occasional search in the box will discover most or all that are anywhere near. There is rarely much need to go farther afield. And now, before they awaken from their sleep and begin to disperse, is the best time to find them in the dense clusters in which they generally lie during the winter. Thrift is sometimes used instead of box. It is strong, yet not so stiff, and its purple flowers are not ineffective. Alyssum is still less formal. It is very beautiful in spring, and during the rest of the year its grey foliage is excellent for showing off the stronger colours behind. Pinks form a link between the edging plants with woody stems and those of more spreading habit. They are admirable for the purpose, provided that they are the old-fashioned pinks with flowers that stand erect, and not the newer varieties with larger flowers which need support. Under them may be grown crocuses and other bulbs, which come up through them and flower above them. But still more popular at present are plants of a spreading habit, such as aubrietias and double arabis, and very charming they are when well managed. While their irregular growth should not be interfered with, they must be cut back occasionally, and if they are raised a little by being grown over stones they look all the better. They may all be planted now, and the first favourable opportunity should be taken for doing so.

Planting Deciduous Shrubs and Trees

A well-known landscape gardener says that he would not hesitate to move evergreen shrubs and trees such as hollies in any month of the year. If certain precautions could be taken he might possibly do without much loss, but those precautions are troublesome, and the risk must always be greater in winter and in summer than in autumn or in spring. For evergreens are never completely at rest. Their leaves perform their functions continuously, though in a greater or less degree according to the season, and if the difficulty due to unfavourable conditions, such as the heat and drought of summer or the extreme cold of winter, is increased by root disturbance, a collapse is rendered probable. With deciduous trees and shrubs, however, it is different. They rest completely in autumn and winter—in other words, while they are leafless—and that is, therefore, the best period for moving them. Not, perhaps, the whole of that period; for root-action continues for some time after the leaves have fallen, and starts again before the new ones appear. Hence any planting that still remains undone should be finished as soon as possible. H. C. Davidson

Photograph *H. N. King*

A CHARMING WALK THRO' FLOWERING SHRUBS AT LEONARDSLEE, HORSHAM, SIR EDMUND LODER'S SEAT

THE
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BABBACOMBE BAY.—Exceptionally picturesque old stone-built RESIDENCE, enjoying a really wonderful position, for SALE, practically fully Furnished. It is secluded in its beautifully timbered grounds of 1½ acres,

SLOPING TO THE WATER'S EDGE,

and commands enchanting views of the sea and coast lines, whilst it is in close proximity to a golf course. Hall, 2 reception, and 7 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 2 staircases, and offices. Delightful old garden, shrubberies, summer-house or smoking room, orchard, etc. Sea fishing and yachting. It presents the opportunity of acquiring at a bargain price an all-the-year-round Residence or

PERFECT WEEK-END RETREAT.

—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS. TO BE LET. UNFURNISHED.

An ideally planned House.

ABOUT 40 ACRES.

350ft. up, on sandstone. Lovely views.
Telephone. Co.'s water and gas. Heated throughout.
Charming Residence. Beautifully situated.
Lounge hall, full-sized billiard room.
Large drawing, dining, and smoking rooms.
7 principal bedrooms, servants' rooms.
3 bathrooms, schoolroom, servants' hall, etc.
Nursery suite with day and night nurseries.
First-class modern garage for 3 or 4 cars.
Coach-house, 6 loose boxes, 3 cottages, etc.
Beautifully timbered grounds of varied character.

Sole Agents,
HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ADJOINING 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE.

Magnificent panoramic views.

MIDDLESEX (in one of the finest positions on the south-western slope of a hill).—Artistically designed HOUSE, approached by carriage drive, and containing *porch, entrance and inner halls, lounge, staircase hall, large dining room, spacious drawing room, photographic dark room, ample offices, servants' hall, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 fitted bathrooms, work and boxrooms.*

Electric light. Radiators. Gas. | *Costly fitments. Oak panelling.* | *Parquet floors. Main drainage.*

TASTEFULLY DISPLAYED GROUNDS.

Level tennis and sloping lawns, well-stocked kitchen garden, glasshouse, in all about 2¼ acres. Price, £4,850, or would be sold without stabling. Rent, Unfurnished, £225 per annum. Inspected and strongly recommended.—Details of FOSTER and CRANFIELD, 6, Poultry, E.C.; or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

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TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, and Victoria (B.C.)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM.
2½ MILES FROM THE NEAREST STATION.
3½ MILES FROM AN EXCELLENT JUNCTION STATION.

TO BE SOLD, the above RESIDENCE, built of brick partly in the Queen Anne style, situated 225ft. above sea level in a well-timbered park of 70 acres. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and ample offices; stabling for 13 horses, coach-house, laundry, good farm-buildings, and 2 cottages; inexpensive pleasure grounds, including tennis and croquet lawn, herbaceous borders, large kitchen garden, etc.

HUNTING 5 DAYS A WEEK. COARSE FISHING.

—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (4,587)

NEAR OXFORD.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS, ETC., OF 11½ ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, the above charming old RESIDENCE, approached from an entrance lodge by a pretty drive flanked by well-grown trees and shrubs. It contains: entrance hall, morning room or library, dining room, drawing room, smoking room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, etc.

STABLING FOR 3 HORSES, WITH COACH-HOUSE, ETC.

The pleasure grounds are richly-timbered, and include large tennis and croquet lawns, rookery and meadow-land, etc.,

IN ALL ABOUT 11½ ACRES.

—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,310)

BORDERS OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AND LEICESTERSHIRE.

Between Leicester and Rugby. Market Harborough 1 mile, Lutterworth 10, Lubenham Station (L. and N.W.Ry.) on the Estate.

THE THORPE LUBENHAM ESTATE,

extending to about 1,500 acres, including

THORPE LUBENHAM HALL

(at present let).

A GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, standing in a well-timbered park of 110 acres, and having the following accommodation: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 principal bedrooms, ample servants' quarters, and domestic offices; electric light is installed; stabling for 20, garage; old-world gardens, range of glasshouses, walled kitchen garden; brick and tiled entrance lodge; gardener's and coachman's cottages; the agricultural portion comprises 5 excellent grazing farms, varying from 100 to 150 acres, enclosures of rich feeding land, small holdings, smithy, and cottages.

To be offered by AUCTION, as a whole, and, if not so Sold, then in lots.

Date of Auction, Tuesday, March 19, 1912, at 2 o'clock sharp, at "The Three Swans" Hotel, Market Harborough.

—Solicitors, Messrs. UNDERWOOD and STEEL, Castle Street, Hereford; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

AMIDST SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SCENERY IN THE HOME COUNTIES. 650FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

TO BE SOLD, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in finely timbered grounds of 14 acres. The accommodation comprises: hall, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; Company's water and gas; modern drainage; the grounds contain some fully grown Wellingtonias, cedars, cypresses, etc.; there are full-sized croquet lawn, 2 tennis courts, orchards, etc.; stabling, garage, and coach-house, etc.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,320)

CORNWALL. WITHIN A DRIVE OF TAVISTOCK.
WITH GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES OR UP TO 230 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, a substantial RESIDENCE, delightfully situated amongst some of the most beautiful scenery in the South-West of England. It stands in well-timbered grounds of 8 to 10 acres, and extensive park-lands, etc., in all 230 acres. The accommodation comprises: large hall and vestibule, 3 reception rooms, about 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good fishing included, and salmon fishing within easy reach; farmery and cottages, etc.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

THE COOMBE LODGE ESTATE,
NEAR BRENTWOOD, ESSEX.

THE HOUSE stands about 400ft. above sea level, on gravel soil, and the views extend to the Kentish Hills, fully 25 miles distant. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, study, ante-room, and billiard room, 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; gas laid on; Company's water; excellent stabling, coach-house, lodge, and cottages; the pleasure grounds are finely timbered and of an exceptionally varied character, with great quantities of roses and rhododendrons, and comprise about 23 acres, and the whole Estate to about 207 acres.

The Property will first be offered as a whole, and if not disposed of, in Lots as follows:—

Lot 1. The House, grounds, and park, about 67 acres.
Lot 2. The farm-buildings and cottages, etc., about 123½ acres.
Lot 3. The pair of interesting old cottages, known as "The Wallets."
Lots 4, 5 and 6, comprising together about 17 acres.

DATE OF AUCTION, MARCH 20, 1912.

—Solicitors, Messrs. CROSSE and SONS, 7, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C.; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND HUNTINGDONSHIRE.
THE PAPWORTH ESTATE.

TO BE SOLD, the remaining lots, comprising: 8 farms, in a high state of cultivation, a gentleman's Residence with 5 acres, village smithy, etc.—Full particulars and photos of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON.

BERKS AND OXON BORDERS (close to excellent golf links, 3 miles from a station, and within easy reach of Oxford).—TO BE SOLD, FREEHOLD, a VALUABLE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of NEARLY 100 ACRES It is adorned with some FINE OLD FOREST TREES, including a handsome lime avenue, and comprises an OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE (as illustrated above), on sandy soil, facing South, approached by a carriage drive, and commanding views extending to the Berkshire Downs. The accommodation includes 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 6; 2 cottages, and farmery; matured shady grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, productive kitchen garden, also good pasture, arable, and woodland; boating, fishing, and hunting in the vicinity.—RECOMMENDED by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Photos and plan. (25,298)

650 FT. ABOVE SEA; NEAR SEVENOAKS (under 20 miles from London).—The above charming old COUNTRY HOUSE and 14 ACRES of exceptionally lovely grounds and well-timbered paddocks, FOR SALE at a reduced price: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, large reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; South aspect; dry soil; Company's water, modern drainage; cottage and farmery; private golf a mile distant; station 2½ miles; hunting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,825)

WILTS AND DORSET BORDERS.—The above well-known COUNTRY MANSION, standing in a grandly timbered park, TO BE LET, FURNISHED (or might be LET, UNFURNISHED), with 3,500 ACRES of CAPITAL MIXED SHOOTING (270 acres covert).

Magnificently situated, 500ft. above sea; fitted with all modern improvements, including electric light.

Over 30 bed and dressing rooms, 8 bathrooms, suite of lofty and handsome reception rooms, billiard room, etc.; stabling for 30 horses; 2 entrance lodges; finely timbered but inexpensive grounds, kitchen gardens, glasshouses, and cricket ground; 5 large lakes affording coarse fishing.

FIRST-CLASS HUNTING WITH 3 PACKS.

3 miles from 2 main line stations, 2½ hours from Town.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (13,505)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS.—4,000 guineas will PURCHASE the above exceptionally attractive OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE, replete with modern comforts, 400ft. above sea, well away from main road and motor dust. Magnificent ground of 4½ acres; stabling and motor-house: 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, magnificent billiard room, large hall, good reception rooms; winter garden; gas and water laid on, main drainage; easy reach of 3 golf links, 7 minutes from station.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,315)

40 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

THE ABOVE CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with grounds and parklike lands of 13 ACRES. To be SOLD, at a reduced price, or LET, Furnished; in a delightful rural situation, 300ft. above sea; good views: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room magnificent lounge hall, ample offices; stabling for 5, man's rooms, farmery, and 3 cottages; well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, meadow-land; Company's water; gas; 1½ miles from 2 stations.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,079)

SOUTH-WEST OF ENGLAND (near a Cathedral city, and in a beautiful and good social district).—£2,500 will purchase a choice little PROPERTY of upwards of 16 acres of pasture-land, etc., and the above picturesque. old-fashioned Country House, containing: 3 reception rooms, about 14 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, and offices; "up-to-date" sanitation; water by gravitation; stabling, motor-house, etc.; delightful old, well-timbered grounds and gardens. Golf links easy reach; hunting and fishing obtainable.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,608)

SUNNY SOUTH COAST.—LOVELY RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 250 ACRES, INTERESTING ELIZABETHAN MANSION of medium size, occupying a unique position in the midst of beautiful pleasure grounds and park; stabling, entrance lodge, home farm; salmon and trout fishing, hunting with Harriers and Otter hounds; good yacht anchorage; magnificent land and sea views. SACRIFICIAL PRICE.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,436)

CHILTERN HILLS (near AMERSHAM, 1¾ miles from station, 45 minutes from Town).—For SALE, the above picturesque well-built FAMILY RESIDENCE, 550ft. above sea, on gravel soil, with magnificent panoramic views of 40 miles range: 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, music room, billiard room, and offices. ELECTRIC LIGHT; MODERN DRAINAGE; COMPANY'S WATER; inexpensive but pretty grounds, 2 tennis lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, farmery, and parklike land; IN ALL 45 ACRES.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,516)

DORSETSHIRE (close to well-known town and station).—FOR SALE, at a MODERATE PRICE, the above BEAUTIFUL OLD COUNTRY HOUSE, 250ft. above sea, with grand views of pastoral and woodland scenery; quaint and charming old pleasure grounds with terraced walks, tennis and croquet lawns, shrubberies and kitchen garden; garage for 4; 15 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, billiard room, large reception rooms, and panelled hall; modern sanitation, gas and water. HUNTING 6 days a week. Near golf; shooting and fishing obtainable.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,615)

PERFECT WINTER CLIMATE.

SANDY SOIL.

SHORT DRIVE FROM HANTS COAST.

THE ABOVE CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED BIJOU HOUSE to be SOLD for £1,200. Erected by an architect for own occupation, and unusually well appointed. Quite removed from motor dust. Long carriage drive. Quaint lounge hall (see above), 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and offices; cycle house, etc.; water laid on; gas can be connected; attractive grounds, including large tennis lawn, beautiful rose pergola, kitchen garden, etc., of over 1 acre. Adjoining pine wood of 3 acres if required. Hunting; golfing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,633)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

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Telephone: Western 1 (60 lines)

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

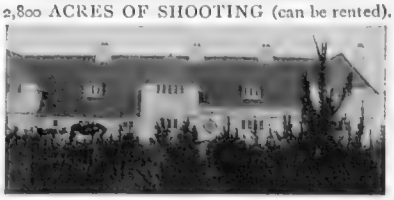
ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PROPERTIES IN THE MARKET. PRICE, ONLY £12,000.

BERKS, in a lovely district between Reading and Basingstoke, 250ft. above the sea level, and COMMANDING PANORAMIC VIEWS. It is approached by a long carriage-drive, and is surrounded by EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS, with tennis and other lawns, shrubbery walks, rose garden, wilderness, kitchen and fruit gardens, and parklike paddocks of 19 ACRES, and extra land up to 50 ACRES with farmery and cottage can be had: lounge hall (32ft. by 18ft. 9in.), drawing room (22ft. by 22ft.), dining room (27ft. 10in. by 19ft. 6in.), morning room (25ft. by 20ft. 6in.), 16 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall, housekeeper's room; ample stabling; several cottages; hunting, shooting, fishing, golf.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RENT, ONLY £120 PER ANNUM.

COLCHESTER DISTRICT (within 1¼ miles of station, 6 miles of Colchester, and about 1¼ hours by train from London).—The HOUSE contains: 2 large reception rooms, a smaller one, and hall, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; man's bedroom with separate staircase; capital garden; good stabling for 4, outbuildings, paddock. The Property has a total area of about 12 ACRES. —Further particulars can be obtained from the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 12,946)

A REALLY CHEAP PROPERTY.
2,800 ACRES OF SHOOTING (can be rented).



NEW FOREST (in one of the highest and prettiest parts).—To be SOLD, an attractive COUNTRY HOUSE in a high and healthy position.

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.

3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage; GROUNDS AND LAND OF 30 ACRES. PRICE, ONLY £3,500.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£7,000, OR NEAR OFFER.

BUCKS (ONLY 45 MINUTES FROM TOWN).—Charming old HOUSE, carefully added to, restored, fitted with modern conveniences, and newly decorated throughout. It contains: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, fine suite of reception rooms, billiard room, 2 staircases, good offices; stabling for 3; gardener's cottage, cowhouse, and other outbuildings; near church, station, village, etc.; South aspect; main water; LOVELY OLD GARDENS, splendidly timbered; tennis, croquet, and other lawns; kitchen garden, glasshouses, 2 orchards, and several paddocks, the whole extending to about 15 ACRES.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, who will supply all details. (F 12,702)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

HANTS (Basingstoke district).—To be LET, Furnished, the above charming RESIDENCE, situate on a hill, with entrance lodge: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; beautiful grounds; golf; fishing in Test by ticket.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,497)

LOW RENT, 6 OR 12 MONTHS.

BEAUTIFUL UPPER REACHES.—Well-furnished, charming old RESIDENCE, in beautifully timbered grounds of 4 acres, extending to river: 9 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling 3; extensive lawns, pretty gardens.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (7,288)

GOLF 10 MINUTES.

BERKS (nearly 400ft. above sea, between ABINGDON and OXFORD).—Well-furnished and appointed MANOR HOUSE, in large Park: 15 bed, 3 bath, 5 reception rooms; electric light; stabling; tennis lawns, gardens, etc. To LET for 3 to 12 months.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.) as above. (F 7,450)

HERTS (just over 1 hour Town).—To be LET, Furnished, long or short period, an attractive old-fashioned HOUSE: 5 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; attractive gardens and orchard; beautifully furnished. Rent for 18 months only 2 gns. per week.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,767)

SURREY (amidst the pine woods of Byfleet and Chertsey).—To be SOLD, a substantially built RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, etc.; garage, stabling, gardener's cottage; over 3 acres of very pretty grounds; 2 golf links within a few minutes' walk. Price, £3,600.—Box K 5,327, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SOUTH HAMPSHIRE.

WITH VIEWS TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

TO BE SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a fine situation, 150ft. above sea level, with views extending over the Solent to the Isle of Wight. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; petrol gas lighting; water from the Bishops Waltham Water Company. Stabling for 4 horses, large coach-house, etc.; the grounds are nicely timbered, and include full-sized croquet lawn, flower beds, kitchen garden, woodland, and pasture, in all about 16 acres.—Box K 5,316, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN OLD-WORLD PROPERTY OF NEARLY 5 ACRES.

70 MINUTES OF TOWN. PINE DISTRICT.

TO BE SOLD.—An old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing on sandy soil in well-timbered grounds of 4¾ acres; it is in excellent repair, and contains: hall, dining room, 2 drawing rooms, morning room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices; main drainage; Company's water; stabling for 3; cottage, etc.—Apply, Box K 5,335, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SOUTH HANTS.

With excellent yachting facilities, and within easy reach of the New Forest.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 240 ACRES, beautifully timbered, situated 250ft. above sea level. The planned Mansion, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, contains: billiard room, 4 reception, rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and ample domestic offices; gymnasium or riding school (60ft. by 30ft.), with gallery; stabling for 8 horses, 2 lodges, home farm, 6 cottages; the grounds are ornamented with fine specimen trees, and include plantation walks, fishpond, fernery and rock garden, ornamental water, etc.; extensive kitchen gardens; South Hants water supply; excellent sanitation.—Box K 5,152, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

OLD-FASHIONED FARMHOUSE (in Tunbridge Wells District).—For SALE, with 60 acres of Land. House and buildings in good repair. Secluded, with private motor road; 1½ miles from station. Price, £3,000.—Apply, WOOD and WALFORD, Land Agents, East Grinstead.

PRIVATE RESIDENCE (in Haywards Heath District) with 17 acres of garden and meadowland, to be SOLD: hall, 3 good reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3; Company's water. Price, £3,000.—Apply, WOOD and WALFORD, Land Agents, East Grinstead.

ADJOINING SUNNINGDALE GOLF COURSE AND CHOBHAM COMMON.

2½ MILES FROM SUNNINGDALE STATION.

TO BE SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, in the Tudor style, enjoying extensive views, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.

FINE BALLROOM. STABLING FOR 6 HORSES.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS. ENTRANCE LODGE. 6 COTTAGES.

Walled fruit and kitchen garden, 3 paddocks, and densely wooded grounds with winding paths, extending in all to about 53 ACRES.—Box K 5,124, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURREY. ABOUT ½ HOUR FROM LONDON.

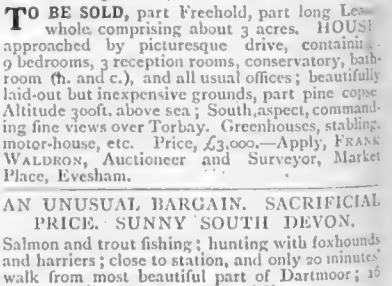
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD.

A BEAUTIFULLY BUILT RESIDENCE, containing a large quantity of oak, and standing in finely timbered grounds and park sloping to the river. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 21 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.

FIRST-RATE STABLING, COACH-HOUSES, AND GARAGE.

—Box K 2,062, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

"HOMES FOR ALL."—No. 1 of G.W.R. New Quarterly RESIDENTIAL GUIDE and Property Register for London's Western Borderlands now ready. Includes Time Tables, excellent map, and many illustrations.—Copies free at principal London offices, or from Mr. C. ALDINGTON, Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington, postage 3d.



TORQUAY (BEST POSITION).

TO BE SOLD, part Freehold, part long Lease, whole comprising about 3 acres. HOUSE approached by picturesque drive, containing 9 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, bathroom (h. and c.), and all usual offices; beautifully laid-out but inexpensive grounds, part pine copse. Altitude 300ft. above sea; South aspect, commanding fine views over Torbay. Greenhouses, stabling, motor-house, etc. Price, £3,000.—Apply, FRANK WALDRON, Auctioneer and Surveyor, Market Place, Evesham.

AN UNUSUAL BARGAIN. SACRIFICIAL PRICE. SUNNY SOUTH DEVON.

Salmon and trout fishing; hunting with foxhounds and harriers; close to station, and only 20 minutes' walk from most beautiful part of Dartmoor; 16 miles from Torquay and Exeter.

CHOICE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF NEARLY 11 ACRES.—To be SOLD or LET, well-arranged and compact Residence, 600ft. altitude, in beautifully sheltered and unique position; unequalled views; favourite social district; delightful grounds and woodlands; 2 paddocks, stabling, garage; 2 good cottages. Price, £3,600. Rent, £130. Inspected and highly recommended.—Full particulars from RIPPON, BOSWELL and Co., Estate Agents, Exeter.

TELEPHONE NOS: Mayfair 2777 and Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR

TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

ONE OF THE FINEST ESTATES IN THE MARKET.

317 ACRES.

PRICE CONSIDERABLY REDUCED.

SUSSEX (in a beautiful part, under an hour from London).—

A SUMPTUOUSLY APPOINTED PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE,

fitted with every modern contrivance for convenience and comfort, including ELECTRIC LIGHT, HEATING, etc. Oak-panelled hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, good domestic offices, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

GARAGE, STABLING, HOME FARM COTTAGES.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PARK.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W.

GODALMING, SURREY.

Commanding the finest views in the county. [illegible] ft. above sea level. Sand soil.

PERFECT FREEHOLD ESTATE OF OVER 100 ACRES.

BARGAIN PRICE.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE.

[illegible] and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room; stabling for 8, garage; home farm;

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PARK.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., W.

DEVONSHIRE.

Exquisite position at mouth of River Dart.

FOR SALE,

VALUABLE FREEHOLD ESTATE, OF 500 ACRES.

GENUINE OLD QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE,

standing high in a finely timbered Park.

3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (SEVERAL of the ROOMS are PANELLED); stabling for 5, garage, cottages; charming old-world gardens. Farm lands let off at over £700 per annum. MODERATE PRICE.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., W.

NEAR BURR HILL GOLF COURSE.

SURREY

(35 minutes by train from Town).

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, the above beautiful HOUSE, set in charming old gardens of about 3 acres: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall, good domestic offices; electric light; telephone; 2 miles from the river.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

DORSETSHIRE.

CHOICE SPORTING PROPERTY TO LET.

5,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

6 MILES OF TROUT FISHING.

£420 PER ANNUM, including a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE (Unfurnished), standing in grounds of about 3 acres, and situate in a favourite part of the county, 6 miles from a station; 7 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, billiard room (30ft. by 18ft.), good offices; garage; stabling; the SHOOTING is first-rate, and about 775 acres are covert; the fishing should provide a catch nearly approaching 200.—Full details of Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

GRAND POSITION ON THE COTSWOLDS.

800ft. above sea level.

FOR SALE.—£2,200, with 3 acres or more land up to 20 acres.

A GENUINE ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, full of

FINE OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

7 or more bedrooms. 4 reception rooms; stabling, motor-house, cottage.

FINELY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GARDENS.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil.

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Amidst the pretty country South of Reigate and Betchworth.

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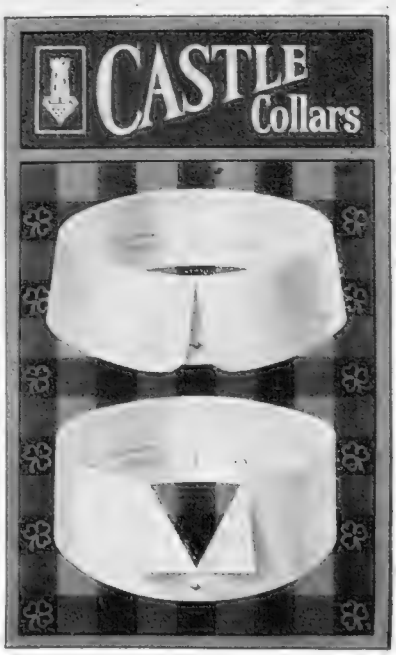

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Fashion's Fancies.

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE only thing that has kept us going at all during the past two weeks have been the *premières*. These have been as thick upon the ground as the leaves of Valambrosa. "Jingle," so far as space permits, will doubtless treat of them all from his customary humorous platform. But I am urged to say something about some gowns which were worn by Miss Ada Webster in Mr. Carton's new play, *The Bear-Leaders*, at the Comedy. These emanated from an exclusive *atelier* in Bond Street, and included one of the latest expressions of that latest alliance, taffeta and cloth. This, in a delicate pewter-grey, boasted a coat of the silk, with the original feature of a grey silk cord girdle. The overdress, and, one surmises, some part of the corsage, which was not visible, was of the cloth, opening in front over a petticoat of the taffeta. The only detail that failed to please my eye in this attire was Miss Webster's hat. It was of dark-blue throughout, and, while striking a sombre note, failed to attain the *chic* of a black *chapeau*.

Elegant Costumes

In the ballroom scene, in her character as Madame Mescale, the florist, Miss Webster dressed the part in an appropriate black gown that was at the same time replete with elegance. The chief component part was of *charmeuse*, the skirt sweeping right away from the left-hand side almost at the waist to the hem at the right, to show a petticoat of superposed flounces of kilted black net, mounted on a white satin foundation. The corsage represented one of the approved dull transparencies of black *crêpe* chiffon.

A WALKING GOWN
Worn by Miss Ada Webster in Act IV. of "The Bear-Leaders," at the Comedy Theatre
(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

But the *chef d'œuvre* was reserved for the last act, a walking toilette of blue *charmeuse*, a deep shade of royal, or, perhaps, one should say Japan, blue, arranged with a tunic at the back, stitched with a quite novel long-knotted fringe. It is this dress, moreover, which Mrs. Dorothy Millar selected to sketch, and as she and I always run hand in hand in such matters, I am quite agreed the choice is good. The treatment of the corsage is particularly worthy of notice, more especially the way in which the sleeve is divided at the top by an *entredeux* of the same finely tucked *ninon* as fashions the chemisette, a dainty down-falling collar of filmy lawn finishing the throat.

Other Toilettes

The toilettes worn by Miss Compton, as the middle-aged, clever, and kindly wife of a fussy fool of a husband, and also by Miss Mary Brough, as one of the newly rich, were equally well selected. These dresses were so attuned to the characters essayed that they incontestably helped the play. Although dress may be far away from the dramatist's mind when in the throes of composition, it eventually becomes an important and integral part of a play that is in any way accounted a success.

Next week, all going well, I hope to be able to write of the gowns worn in the new play at the Garrick. Taking into consideration the quality of the cast, sartorial matters there should overflow with interest. *Mais nous verrons.*

Home Skating Attire

Never within recollection have skating women been so well equipped in this country as now. A percentage, of course, come to the game

fresh from experiences at Mürren (our Editor's favourite locality), Davos, Adelboden, etc., and they are, of course, mightily superior, less fortunate folk, however, humbly accepting any lordly hint that is bestowed regarding correct attire. Prince's Ice Rink, charming rendezvous as it is, provides little guide for outdoor skating attire. It was something of a revelation to see ladies and children wearing those jolly, pointed Swiss hoods instead of the English stereotyped hat and motor veil. One's ears are terrible sufferers in the frost, and what more comfortable and becoming than these pretty head-coverings? The matching of the knitted golf coat, as we call it here, to the correct short frieze skating skirt and divided under-garments is another pleasing innovation that we poor island-bound people are taking full cognizance of. Given a wearer of the right colouring, there is no more successful harmony against a white background of ice and snow than emerald-green, a deep, rich, full tone, followed closely by Indian-red and copper-brown.

Charming Visions

I remarked, too, a pretty blonde who had selected a pale shade of Hussar-blue—skirt, golf coat, and cap, the latter with a falling point either side. Another charming vision was arrayed in *chinchilla*-grey frieze, trimmed with opossum, a band of the fur occurring at the hem of the skirt, which was ostensibly buttoned from waist to hem at right side, the holes and buttons, however, parting company three-parts of the way down to show a pleated panel, a helpful as well as a decorative adjunct, as the skirt was exceptionally narrow. With this there was worn a great stole of opossum and a muff. Some girls look especially smart in sweaters, with the turn-down pointed collar. But they must be girls, not women. A set figure is a sorry sight in a sweater, whereas a lissom one has all its charms enhanced.

The Connection Between the Blouse and Remnant Bargains

To all intents and purposes the majority of the fragile little blouses now in vogue might represent the result of a successful search on remnant days. And many doubtless do. But when this is the case there has been a keen mind at the back of the purchase for the securing of bits that can be welded in one handsome whole.

A BLOUSE OF WHITE NINON, BLACK CHARMEUSE, AND WHITE OR GOLD LACE
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

A case in point is the fascinating example illustrated of white *ninon*, white lace, and black *charmeuse*. How these component parts are variously disposed the picture speaks eloquently enough. But in case it is not quite clear, I may say that the lace is veiled in the transparency. Or carried out in gold and black this model is equally successful, and completes with particular effectiveness the inevitable black cloth or *charmeuse* skirt, the which no properly equipped wardrobe lacks the presence in these days. The magpie expression, however, selected by Mrs. Dorothy Millar is equally amenable, and a particular favourite at the moment. Next week I shall hope to have some further authenticity as to the report that we are once again to enjoy the privilege of fastening our gowns—or, at any rate, some of them—up in front. If that comes true, we shall then only ask for pockets to complete our happiness, which has been so long sacrificed on the altar of fashionable exigencies.

A Temporary Craze

In duty bound I must record the vogue that now obtains for fuchsia colourings, and also the flower itself. The fancy is already running at such a flood-tide it is wholly impossible it can last, although it certainly contrives, at the moment, to ring a welcome note of colour. We have entire dresses of it, *habillée* afternoon or evening gowns, fashioned of purple *ninon* over dull cerise, restaurant and theatre-wraps, and toques, the latter exclusively fashioned of the pretty bell-like flowers. Furthermore, charming posies are being introduced for enlivening our dull winter costumes, and promise to rival the hitherto ubiquitous violets. The realism of the imitation flower is surpassing all previous records. Frequently touch alone is capable of making the distinction, the olfactory nerves being more often than not most cleverly deceived.

One other little Parisian *mot* that has come my way, and then I have finished. It is related that for afternoon tea the vogue is creeping in for young girls to wear dainty silk aprons—the apron of our great-great-grandmothers, entirely superfluous and useless, but adorably coquettish. For their creation taffeta is requisitioned, trimmed with *bouillonnées* and ruches of itself.

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The Menu: Cooking "en Casserole"

Cookery "en casserole" is becoming more popular in England every year, and deservedly so. The juices and flavour of fish, meat, poultry, and vegetables are preserved, and as they can be sent to table in the same dish in which they are prepared, they can be served really hot. The changes, too, that can be rung on dishes cooked "en casserole" are endless. The following recipes will be found excellent:

Casserole of Fish

Roll up some small fillets of sole. Put them in an earthenware casserole dish with some tomatoes, peppercorns, and a very small onion, flavour with salt and pepper, and cover with stock; place in a moderate oven for half an hour, remove the gravy, strain it, and thicken it, and add half a wineglassful of sherry. Pour on to the fish in the casserole, and heat for ten minutes in the oven. Serve in the casserole. This is a very good luncheon dish.

Chicken en Casserole

Truss a fowl for boiling, and put it breast downwards into an earthenware stewpan lined with slices of bacon. Allow this to fry a little, then add the giblets, a pint of cold water or stock, a carrot, an onion, a blade of mace, a teaspoonful of salt, and some black pepper or peppercorns. Cover closely, and cook in the oven until tender. Then strain off the gravy and season it. Cut the chicken up into joints, and garnish with the braised onion and carrots. A few mushrooms which have been cooked in butter would also be found a nice addition. Thicken the gravy, and serve very hot in the casserole in which it was cooked.

Ptarmigan en Casserole

Cut up a brace of ptarmigan into small pieces, and put them into 1½oz. of butter in a casserole, turn the birds well in this, then sprinkle in about 1oz. of flour, fry a pale brown, add rather more than half a pint of stock, a sprig of thyme and parsley, a very small onion, a teaspoonful of red-currant jelly, and a little colouring (Parisian essence). Cover the casserole, and let the contents cook in the oven for half an hour or longer. Add a little wine to the gravy before serving. This is a good way of cooking ptarmigan, and as they are cheap and plentiful just now, only 1*s.* each, I advise my readers to try this recipe. Thicken the gravy with a brown roux should it not be sufficiently thick, as the success of this dish depends a great deal upon the gravy.

A Fricasée of Veal

Cut 2lb. of lean veal into small cubes, blanch in salted water, and put into a casserole. Add enough béchamel (good white sauce) to cover the meat, season with salt, pepper, a grate of nutmeg, and three slices of lemon. Peel six or eight mushrooms, add them to the contents of the casserole, cover, and cook slowly in the oven for forty minutes, stirring now and then, and adding when the meat is quite tender a tablespoonful of cream. Remove the lemon-peel before serving.

Curry of Mutton en Casserole

Melt 1oz. of butter, and stir into it one minced onion and one minced apple, fry thoroughly without browning. Add one dessertspoonful of curry-powder, and fry again for a few minutes. Put into a casserole with a cupful of good brown gravy and a teaspoonful of chutney, and simmer in the oven for half an hour. Have ready some nicely cut dice of mutton, add it to the sauce, and cook again in the casserole for three-quarters of an hour. Squeeze the juice of half a lemon into the curry. Serve with well-boiled rice.

EMILIA

The Editor's Box

Best and Brightest

Nightbirds, at the Lyric, is the hit of the musical season. No more delightful or more tuneful comic opera is now running in London. Miss Dreyer's singing is an eternal delight, and the humours of Mr. Workman and Mr. Tom Shale are ever fresh. Booking, of course, is enormous.

"A Member of Tattersall's"

On or about the 17th of this month there will be produced at the Whitney Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Eustace Burnaby, a four-act comedy by Captain H. S. Browning, entitled *A Member of Tattersall's*. Mr. Rutland Barrington will appear as an old "bookie" who "has played the game," made a fortune, and married a lady of title. The bookmaker as usually represented on the stage is a drunken ruffian with an unconquerable aversion to straight dealing in any form. Peter Perks, the bookie of Captain Browning's play, is, however, quite a different type. He is the *real* bookmaker—perhaps a trifle rough in his speech and manner, but honest and good-natured to the last degree.

Do You Want Light?

Residents in country houses partly isolated from towns have always had the question of good house-lighting thrust before them. It is now some years since the "Simpitrol" lighting system was introduced, and improvements which have from time to time been incorporated now make it a serious rival to gas and electricity.

Crichie House, Mintlaw, N.B.
Where the "Simpitrol" lighting system has been installed

The "Simpitrol" system is simply the scientific combination of petrol and air, but so weak is the proportion of petrol that it is non-explosive. Only a small plant is required to convert the petrol into gas. In brilliancy it equals electricity, and after a comparison of the cost, it will be found that the "Simpitrol" system is practically the cheapest artificial light procurable. Other advantages are that it is odourless, and it has not the slightest effect on animal or plant life. The British and Colonial Lighting Company, of 216, Tottenham Court Road, London, W., have issued several booklets on their system, and will gladly forward full particulars to any person interested. In fact, they will even be pleased to send one of their representatives with a working model to demonstrate practically the simplicity and utility of the plant.

The "Albar" Breathing Appliance

Medical men agree that inhaling through the mouth is generally the first step to consumption and the direct cause of nose and throat troubles. Now, there has been brought to my notice a little contrivance called the "Albar" Breathing Appliance, invented by the Rev. A. Allen Barratt, M.A. The "Albar" cures the habit of mouth-breathing. It is a small and neat appliance (almost invisible when worn) which enlarges to their natural healthy size and shape the air-passages of the nose, so that the wearer readily inhales in the proper manner all the oxygen that he needs. It is a really valuable little invention, and only costs 7*s.* 6*d.* in silver or £1 1*s.* in gold. But full information may be obtained from the "Albar" Sale Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.